PROSE

AND

POETRY,

ON

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS,

WITH

A BRIEF, BUT AUTHENTIC, & AFFECTING

HISTORY

OF

ORENZO AND SARAH,

FROM

The Year 1793 to the present Day:

BY MRS. RUEFUL.

" If an Enemy had done this, I could have borne it;
" But thou—my Companion—my Friend!"

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THE

PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the flattering reception that the firſt efforts of the Author's pen, (which was at a very early period) met with from the partiality of her friends; as ſhe ſoon after became a wife and a mother, ſhe devoted herſelf wholly to domeſtic concerns, and gave to an afflicted friend both the trouble and advantages ariſing from any future editions; never intending to undergo the great fatigue conſequent on a ſecond publication, or to avail herſelf of its profits. But a chain of unfortunate occurrences has obliged her to reſume the *arduous* taſk (as ſuch it really is) for a female, who from a minute attention to her family, and even commercial buſineſs, has been denied the advantage of aſſiſting her genius, improving her language, or extending her ideas, by converſing with other Authors; to emerge from obſcurity, and put herſelf at the bar of the public, to be acquitted or condemned as may beſt ſuite the temper, taſte, or diſpoſition of the reader. This ſhe has experienced, even before the work went to the preſs, for on ſubmitting particular ſubjects

to the opinion of judicious friends, one highly applauded what the other diſliked. Therefore, ſhe only requeſts, that thoſe who are diſpoſed to cenſure, will let their ſentence be tempered with mercy; as it is impoſſible for them to be competent judges, without compriſing in their ideas the whole circumſtances of the caſe; which to give here would ſwell the preface to a volume. But ſhe will juſt give the outlines, and the peruſal of the work will furniſh the attentive reader with further particulars:— About ſix years ago, ſhe was induced to embark in buſineſs a conſiderable part of a fortune, the intereſt of which, added to an income which her ſpouſe enjoyed, till then had contributed to the comfortable ſupport of herſelf and family; but in about three months after the buſineſs commenced, the warehouſe was robbed of goods to a conſiderable amount; from this time ſeveral ſmaller loſſes occurred, and after about three years, it was diſcovered that a ſervant, of whoſe honeſty they had the higheſt opinion, had for above two years been robbing them of goods and caſh, to a great extent: ſhe was proſecuted and convicted, but this did not recover the loſt property. Theſe of courſe produced much trouble, but as they excited in the Author double care and attention, theſe would not have overſet the bark, had not an ocean, of which theſe were only drops, ſucceeded, (which will appear in the poem, page 19, and the hiſtory of Orenzo and Sarah, in which the Author takes no inconſiderable part) ſo that the ſea ran mountains high; for the Author, who had for many years conducted her little bark, unhurt, through many a heavy ſea, was ſoon after they com-

menced buſineſs driven from the helm, which till then ſhe had been permitted to guide, and her ſucceſſor carrying too much ſail for his ballaſt, drove in between the rocks of diſſipation, where the veſſel was daſhed to pieces, and the Author with difficulty eſcaped with her life; which ſhe ſcarce wiſhed to preſerve, while ſhe ſtood alone, beholding the fatal wreck.—Yes, ſhe ſtood alone, for alas! She had now no help-mate, nor a remaining conſolation, but what aroſe from the recollection, that no property had been embarked but her own, conſequently, no one elſe ſuſtained the loſs of a ſingle mite, while many are feaſting upon her ſpoils.

With this ſmall ſatisfaction, united to conſcious rectitude, ſhe would gladly have retreated into the grave; or in ſome obſcure corner have languiſhed out the poor remains of life, had not the helpleſs age of her hapleſs children ſummoned her thus into the world; for when an infant offspring depend wholly on the exertions of a mother for ſupport, education, and future advantages in life, ſhe can ſcarcely merit that tender name who neglects the uſe of any effort that may conduce to their welfare. Therefore if the purchaſer finds neither profit nor amuſement in the ſubſequent work, he will at leaſt have the moſt exalted of all pleaſures, in reflecting, that he has caſt in his mite towards blunting the edge of misfortune. As many of the following poems were not written for publication, but are merely the effuſions of the heart, on particular occaſions, and thoſe chiefly of a tra-

gical nature; and as from the deranged ſtate of the Author's mind many errors may be admitted, and the poems not arranged in that order which they might have been, it is hoped the gay and critical reader will not be too ſevere. For many reaſons the Author's own name is omitted, and that of RUEFUL ſubſtituted, from the analogy it bears to her fortune.

ERRATA.

34 Page, for *the* wraps, read *the.* wraps.
168 ——, 4 Line, for *has*, r. *have.*
120 ——, for *intrim*, r. *interim.*

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THE

APOLOGY.

WHEN grief possesses the heart, the unfortunate occasion assumes the primary seat in the mind.—It engrosses all our thoughts—It dwells on our tongue. It directs our pen—It awakes with us in the morning—It presides at our table, and food becomes our aversion—It attends us through the day—and at night, while every other part of the creation is happily reclined in the tranquil arms of renovating sleep, it invelopes the whole soul, and stands like a centinal at the cell of the condemned criminal to proclaim the hours as they fly—lest the miserable wretch should drop into a temporary repose and neglect to prepare for his impending fate.—Thus balmy sleep deserts the victims of calamity—while in

agonizing tears they invoke its protection as their only remaining shield—but alas! this small boon being denied, they exclaim with one of old, "so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say when shall I arise, and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro until the dawning of the day."—This being the precise state of the Author's mind (who begs to be understood as adopting the troubles of an inseparable friend) she offers it as an apology to the candid reader, not only for introducing the PROTEST, but for allowing it to stand foremost in the publication.

THE

PROTEST.

THE subsequent ADDRESS is the effect of a friend's being oppressed with an affliction, the most severe both to person and mind, that can arrest the subject of misfortune, and which death alone will exterminate.

Through a point of delicacy it would not have been published, but at the request of several friends who were of opinion that it may prove of general utility, and to suppress it on the former principle, would be an idea equally as absurd as that of relinquishing the comforts of life for its superfluities.—That it may be instrumental of rescuing many an innocent and sedulous woman from becoming the miserable victim of her perfidious husband's infidelity, is the most ardent wish of the Author; who represents the unfortunate wife of a late principal supporter of that sink of abominations, D—e's Brothel, against which, with all others of its execrable description, she feels it her duty to enter this public protest; hoping it will serve as a beacon to ward the invading foe, and prevent the incautious mariner from steering amid those hidden dangers that have produced so many shipwrecks. But as she wants language adequately descriptive of their diabolical nature, she must content herself by exhibiting them under the faint metaphors of the kennel of foxes and bloodhounds—the dens of ravenous beasts—and the nests of serpents and vultures; whose pestiferous inhabitants sally forth day and night, seeking whom they may devour.——These are

the subjects of sloth—the agents of vice—the annoyance of virtue—the sink of infection—the invaders of health—the defilers of youth—the insulters, and depressors of nature—the inciters to adultery—the sisters of fornication—the pests of society—the polluters of children, even to the third and fourth generation—the source of conjugal disunion—the mothers of poverty—the blights of reputation—the abettors of robberies—the authors of murder—the assassins of thousands * —the destruction of families—the disgrace of woman—the curse of man—and the defiers of God.

* The author of the "Compleat Family Physician" Smythſon, when treating on a certain disorder, writes thus:—"However lightly the matter may be treated on a trancient view of it, it will on maturer consideration, be found to be a crime of the *deepest dye*. A crime, by which the perpetrator, may eventually incur no smaller degree of guilt, than that of actual *murder*."

THE UNFORTUNATE WIFE's ADDRESS

TO

DISSOLUTE HUSBANDS.*

" My cup is full! ordain'd has ruthleſs fate
" To drench me e'en with the laſt deadly dregs!
" Thro' ev'ry vein the killing poiſon runs;
" Attacks the heart, and thro' its centre ſhakes."

WHAT pen can paint, or mind conceive my grief!
What human hand or tongue, can give relief!
What awful tragedy by poets feign'd,
Or realiz'd in life with murder ſtain'd,

* The reader is requeſted to recollect, this poem is not the repreſentation of a fiction. Nor is the ſcene exaggerated by the flight of poetical imagination.—It is the effuſion of a heart, pregnant with unutterable anguiſh, while the haggard eyes flowed with tears, and the emaciated body groaned on a bed of affliction.

With wrongs, revenge, and injuries replete,
Can e'er ſurpaſs the horror of my fate !

Enough I've felt the ills of wedded life
From the ſad period that pronounc'd me Wife !
Now grief, ſucceeding grief, in diff'rent ways,
Eclipſt the ſunſhine of my nuptial days;
But love and duty bore an equal part
And fortitude appear'd to prop my heart.
And ſtill to ſwell the ſable ſcene of woe,
Had each apparent friend commenc'd a foe,
And fate to ſhipwreck every bliſs conſign'd,
Had'ſt thou Orenzo ! been but juſt and kind,
My ſoul had roſe above the ſwelling tide,
Brav'd the rough ſea, and every ſtorm defy'd,
Our intereſts, hearts, or perſons to divide.

But now my mind deſcends the nether hell,
Where death, diſtruſt, and nameleſs tortures
dwell.

O ! may each huſband flee the deadly ſnare
That future life involves in black deſpair.
Orenzo's wife and children, loſt their charms,
When once he revel'd in an harlot's arms.
Here honor ſicken'd and affection dy'd,
And for the wantons he muſt *all* provide ;
The fiends infernal ſoon affect diſtreſs,
And loſt Orenza muſt their wants redreſs :
For theſe, his faithful wife is nightly fled,
For theſe, he dares deprive his home of bread ;
For theſe, his reputation weds diſgrace,
And ſhivering poverty ſurrounds his place,
To blaſt the proſpects of his hapleſs race.
Nor here he ſtops !—O madneſs fraught with pains,
A more malignant tragic ſcene remains.
The ſwindling proſtitute* his gold receives
And in return an *harlot's treaſure* gives.

* Duke.

And this my faithful, grave, protecting head,
Kindly tranſmits to bleſs the nuptial bed;
And thus aſſaſſinates the health, and life,
Of his already wrong'd, afflicted wife:
Binds her the hapleſs captive of a curſe,
Than which no name in language can be worſe.
Did India's wealth, or kingdoms own my ſway,
This curſe to ward, I'd give them all away.

Boldly by one deciſive blow to kill
Were mercy! when compar'd to what I feel.
Through every avenue, the infernal flame,
Spreads, widely ſpreads, and tortures all the frame.
Ten tedious months in vain I've ſought a cure,
And in one death, a thouſand deaths endure.
Thus ſubſtance, health, and happineſs are flown,
And agony and grief preſide alone:
While on a bed of languiſhment I lie,
My *only* hope a diſſolution nigh:

For ſhould I live, unnumber'd ills I trace,
A mind derang'd, loſt ſight, and pallid face.
Thus huſbands, who for lewd embraces roam,
Survey the bleſſings you confer at home.
Theſe ſacred lines* each opening day review,
And virtue's bright exalted ſteps purſue:—

* The following paſſages are ſelected from the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th chapters of Proverbs.

For the lips of a ſtrange woman drop as an honey-comb, and her mouth is ſmoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood, ſharp as a two-edged ſword. Her feet go down to death; her ſteps take hold on hell—Leſt thou ponder the path of her life, her ways are moveable, that thou can'ſt not know them.

Remove thy way far from her, and come not near the door of her houſe.—Leſt thou give thine honour unto others, and thy years unto the cruel.—Leſt ſtrangers be filled with thy wealth, and thy labours be in the houſe of a ſtranger. And thou mourn at the laſt, when thy fleſh and thy body are conſumed.—Let thy fountain be bleſſed, and rejoice with the wife of thy youth—Let her be unto thee as the loving hind and pleaſant roe.—And be thou always raviſhed with her love—for why wilt thou my ſon

For lo! the adulterer's baneful path is found,
And to his name attach'd a mortal wound.

May this ſad narrative of awful truth!
Reclaim the huſband, and admoniſh youth:

be raviſhed with a ſtrange woman and embrace the boſom of a ſtranger? For the ways of men are before the eyes of the Lord, he pondereth all their goings. The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light; and reproofs of inſtruction are the way of life. To keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a ſtrange woman. For by means of a whoriſh woman a man is brought to a piece of bread: and the adultereſs will hunt for the precious life. Whoſo committeth adultery with a woman, lacketh underſtanding; he that doeth it, deſtroyeth his own ſoul—a wound and diſhonour ſhall he get, and his reproach ſhall *not* be wiped away.

At the window of my houſe I looked, and beheld among the ſimple ones, a young man void of underſtanding—paſſing through the ſtreet near her corner, and he went the way to her houſe in twilight, in the covering, in the black and dark night. There met him a woman in the attire of a harlot, and ſubtle of heart; now is ſhe without, now in the ſtreets, and lieth in wait at every corner—ſo ſhe caught

Then ſunk in grief, no future faithful wife,
Will curſe the day that ſeal'd her wedded life.

him, and kiſſed him, and with an impudent face, ſaid unto him, come let us take our fill of love—With her fair ſpeech ſhe cauſed him to yield. He goeth after her as an ox goeth to the ſlaughter, or as fool to the correction of the ſtocks. Till a dart ſtrike through his liver, as a bird hangeth on the ſnare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. Let not thine heart incline to her ways, go not into her path. For ſhe hath caſt down many wounded, yea, many ſtrong men have been ſlain by her. Her houſe is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.—She ſitteth at the door of her houſe, in the high places of the city, to call paſſengers who go right on their ways, whoſo is ſimple, let him turn in hither—and as for him that wanteth underſtanding, ſhe ſaith to him, ſtolen waters are ſweet, and bread eaten in ſecret is pleaſant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her gueſts are in the depths of hell.

Mal. 2, ch. 14. 15, v. 3. The Lord hath been witneſs between thee and the wife of thy youth, againſt whom thou haſt dealt treacherouſly; yet is ſhe thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant. Therefore take heed to your ſpirit, and let none deal treacherouſly againſt the wife of his youth.

THE
SEPARATION.

WHEN hapleſs Sarah late deſponding lay,
To ſad diſeaſe, and bitter grief a prey,
And loſt Orenzo vow'd his heart ſhould move
No more from *her* who juſtly claim'd his love;
Then whiſper'd hope, amid the torturing rack,
Thy ſuffering fate will bring the wanderer back.
And double pangs ſhe'd gladly have endured,
Had theſe Orenzo of his frenzy cured.

But ah, too ſoon, the pleaſing viſion fled,
And ſad PERDITION rear'd her hideous head!
For ſtill the foul adulterous path he trod,
Inſulting reaſon,—and defying God.

Still to the ſame infectious fiend* each night,
His impious feet direct their baneful flight.
Three deathleſs times, conceal'd in deep diſguiſe,
His injur'd Sarah at his elbow flies;
And ſees him enter the nefarious haunt,
Of foul pollution, infamy, and want.

Ye virtuous wives, whoſe faithful feeling mind,
But *one* prefers of all the human kind;
To ſee that *one*—Root of your infant race,
Ignobly thus, his nobleſt powers debaſe;
To ſee him loſt to every generous thought,
Unmoved by ſufferings *he alone* had brought;
Say ye—if fancy's utmoſt ſtretch can tell,
What nameleſs tortures would your boſom ſwell.
What rage and grief their frantic ſails unfurl,
And frighted reaſon from her manſion hurl:
Till all the hoſtile paſſions fill the courſe,
And drive terrific as the whirlwind's force.

* Duke.

So Sarah felt, when ſhe Orenzo dodg'd
And in the deadly brothel ſaw him lodg'd:
When frantic to her lonely home ſhe flew,
As minutes roll'd, ſo deſperation grew.
Three torpid hours, ſhe waits *her* LORD's return,
While floods, and fires, her mental powers enurn:
He comes—with ſtep ſedate, and face demure,
As tho' his ſoul was all divinely pure;
While baſe deception on his brow reclines,
The better to conceal his dark deſigns:
(For ſtill with Sarah he reſolv'd to live,
While ought remain'd he could the wanton give)

No longer could the hapleſs wife control
The mighty tempeſt that o'erſet her ſoul:
She view'd Orenzo with attentive eye,
Then ſmote her breaſt! now heav'd a pregnant ſigh:
Orenzo then, the gloomy ſilence broke,
And thus in double vail'd deception ſpoke:

" Why thus diſtreſt, my dear! you're quite
as ſad,
" Now I'm reform'd, as when my courſe was
bad:
" As well might I to lawleſs pleaſures go,
" Since reformation can't allay your woe."

The more to probe the baſeneſs of his heart,
Sarah a moment, plays the double part.

" You know, Orenzo, when we oft do wrong,
" Tis hard to re-eſtabliſh credit gone;
" Some ſtrange oppreſſion does my ſpirits touch,
" Your *late* return I think affects me much.
" I muſt avow, however wrong my dear!
" I lately have indulg'd a little fear."

As ſhe ſubmits, Orenzo bolder grows,
Upbraids her fears, and ſpurns her *fancy'd* woes.
Patient awhile, ſhe heard the infidious man,
Then with emphatic accents thus began:—

" Orenzo !—do you think there is a God
" Who ſmites offenders with vindictive rod !
" Do you believe *that* GOD is preſent *now*,
" To judge the truth of what we both avow ?
" And would you at *His* ſacred bar appear,
" To *ſtand* or *fall*, by what you *now* declare ?"

" Yes certainly, my conduct wants no maſk"—
" Then *mark* the queſtion I'm about to aſk :
" Before HIS dread Omniſcience, where you ſay
" You hope for judgment at that awful day !
" According to the truth you *now* recite,
" Have *you not* to the harlot's been this night ?"

" Good heaven ! not I ! nor ſeen the creature
ſince
" You went diſguis'd,* and got my clothes from
thence.

* See contents, marked thus iii.

He would proceed, and Sarah's cenſures blame,
'Till fill'd with horror—hear her thus exclaim!

" Be dumb! Orenzo! nor enhance thy ſin,
" Leſt earth *this inſtant* ope, and take thee in.
" No more deny:—'twill but augment thy woe,
" I know the perſon who has ſeen you go."

Orenzo, ſtill remorſeleſs, now began,
To deprecate the miſchief-making clan:
" 'Tis falſehood all, my dear! unjuſt and baſe,
" No one would dare aſſert it to my face.
" Would that the wretch were here!"—The wife replies,
" Then here ſhe is! for theſe unhappy eyes
" Three nights purſu'd your ſteps, and thrice have ſeen,
" The brothel's ruthleſs doors, admit you in.
" Nor mine alone—but Delia's, hapleſs Maid!
" Can witneſs where her guilty father ſtray'd."

Sudden, Orenzo's declamation dies,
Nor could *his* guilty, meet her guiltleſs eyes.
Silent awhile he ſat, and then in brief,
A thouſand falſehoods call'd to his relief.
But confidence was flown from Sarah's breaſt,
And hope retain'd no ſpot whereon to reſt:
Thus ſadly circumſtanc'd, what can ſhe do?
A legal Separation muſt enſue.
If *things* ſo groſsly baſe attach'd his heart,
She thought it beſt, and beſt it was to part.

The ſevering *deed's* engroſs'd, as both inclin'd,
The children to the mother are conſign'd:
And when the memorable criſis came,
When each in legal form ſubſcribes their name;
Orenzo ſign'd with unrelenting hand,
While ſilent witneſſes aſtoniſh'd ſtand.
Then penſive Sarah, trembling, took the pen,
Now view'd her ſpouſe,—her weeping Delia then,

Her bleeding heart,—her ſwelling ſighs expreſt,
The tragic ſcene ſurrounding tears confeſt;
But callous ſtill, remain'd Orenzo's ſavage
breaſt!

DESCRIPTIVE of a SCENE,

Which occurred between the AUTHOR and her CHILDREN, on hearing that a Gentleman who was entruſted with her property, was become inſolvent: owing partly to his imprudence, and partly to a loſs which he ſuſtained in conſequence of the preſent War.

OH fatal tidings!—I can hear no more—
Deſtruction! ruin!—ev'ry hope is o'er—
Ruin Mamma? Yes children, we're undone,
Our all alas!—our little all—is gone!
Where ſhall I fly?—O! let me rave and tear
For I am wild, and delug'd with deſpair!

Where live the human kind ?—for this is Hell,
Where fraud, deception, death, and devils dwell.

My children*—leave me—why hang round
me ſo !—
Your tears but add new anguiſh to my woe !
O let me weep aloud to eaſe my grief,
For Fortitude denies her kind relief.

What nameleſs miſeries muſt this enſue !
What ſhall I do ?—my loves—and what will
you ?
For ah ! this ſhatter'd frame and aching head
Cannot procure a daily meal of bread ;
And tho' our friends on every ſide abound,
Their friendſhip wanted, ſhall there one be
found !

* The children weep and tenderly encircle the mother.

And that which years of application coſt,
Is now unjuſtly in a moment loſt.

O ſir! how could you conſcience thus diſcharge,
And ſport with others property at large;
In ſplendid carriage ride, with grandeur fraught,
While you alas! were thouſands worſe than nought.
And ſtill in every comfort you'll abound,
While thoſe you've wrong'd in penury are found.
Who owes ten pounds muſt pay the utmoſt mite,
Who owes ten thouſand takes the bankrupt's right;
By law protected rears his guilty head,
'Mid ruin'd families, without a dread:
But fain I'd ſcreen you from the guilty throng,
Since War conſpired to bring the evil on:

SECOND PART.

WAR.

O WAR!—fell War! parent of general woe!
Offspring of hell! fly to the ſhades below.
Live with that horrid fiend who gave thee birth,
Nor waſt thy deadly daggers through the earth.
There let thy red hot balls with ſerpents hiſs,
While ſmoke and ſulphur, fill the dark abyſs:
There rage malignant 'mid th' infernal yell,
The horrid roar with deathleſs tortures ſwell,
And reign unrival'd, through the gulf of hell.
But mortals flee!—for who thine aid invites,
In wrongs, oppreſſion, death, and blood delights.

Exults in conqueſts, and by phantoms toſt,
To gain a mite, forgets the million loſt;
While every human woe defrays the coſt.

See num'rous captives wrung with keen diſtreſs,
In loathſome priſons bound, without redreſs:
See fractur'd ſkulls before the bullets fly,
Arms, legs, and mangled bodies bleeding lie.
While cannons roar tremendous o'er the town,
Here flaming ſtreets—there manſions tumbling down!
While frighted ſuff'rers in deſtraction run,
And vainly try the ruthleſs blow to ſhun.

Such War! thy trophies are, abroad. At home,
Thy deadly feet to brew new miſchiefs roam.
Here diſcontent pervades from ſtreet to ſtreet,
The widow's groans, and orphan's tears we meet.
The juſt Mechanic wanting cuſtom, ſighs,
The Merchant droops, and fruitful commerce dies.

The lab'ring poor on ev'ry ſide diſtreſt,
The pariſhes with heavy rates oppreſt:
While thouſands on a wretched bed of ſtraw,
'Mid cold and hunger, bow to nature's law.

This is thy picture, War! but ah, how faint
My weak attempt thy hideous form to paint.

Come Peace! celeſtial, ever welcome Peace!
In graceful triumph, ſhew thy radient face:
Thy cheering rays extend from ſhore to ſhore,
And give the world to baneful War no more.

SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY, as it applies to the mind, is one of its nobleſt affections, and is ſeldom found in a barren or uncultivated ſoil. Perſons poſſeſſed of a ſympathetic mind, feel the higheſt

gratification in ſubjecting themſelves to many inconveniences, if theſe conduce to allay the ſufferings of any, even from the higheſt to the loweſt order of the creation. Sympathy is the parent of benevolence—the ſiſter of ſenſibility—the companion of *true* fortitude, and the inhabitant of a great mind. I have known perſons, who though *ever* deeply affected with the ſufferings of others, would ſuſtain their own without permitting even a groan to eſcape them. While thoſe who have betrayed a total inſenſibility to every affliction but their own, have by the ſlighteſt attack become inſupportable to all around them.

Sympathy engages in her company all the graces of the mind, particularly love, patience, humility, and munificence ; and in her ſervice all the members of the body—the eyes and ears are her porters, who are ever ready to admit

her ſubjects—when the tongue, hands, and feet, as need require, are inſtantly diſpatched for their accommodation. With what extatic pleaſure does ſhe wipe away the tear from the mourner—ſoften the bed of affliction—and pour the balm of conſolation into the joyleſs boſom. And when the rude hand of misfortune defeats her beneficent purpoſes, or when the object ſurpaſſes the reach of them, ſhe at leaſt retains the ſublime gratification of dropping a tributary tear at the ſhrine of miſery. Thus when the illuſtrious perſonages in a neighbouring nation dignified in regal ſplendor, and like the bright orb of day, ſhining with undiminiſhed luſtre, were precipitated from their gorgeous ſphere, to immortalize the trophies of the guillotine's reeking ſcythe—Sympathy, like the electrical fluid, ran from heart to heart! (while was wafted as on the pinions of lightening, the deathleſs hiſtory, to the extremities of the

aſtoniſhed world, proclaiming by a voice more terrific than that of thunder—the vanity of all earthly grandeur, and the dreadful uncertainty of its enjoyments).

Soft pity's tears spontaneous fly,
And even marble bosoms sigh.

Yet theſe royal victims ſuſtained no more from the impreſſion of the fatal inſtrument which terminated their ſufferings, than would the moſt abject ſlave in the Indies, who unpitied and diſregarded, fall by thouſands—not by the inſtantaneous ſtroke of the guillotine, but by the ſlow hand of unreſtrained cruelty and oppreſſion. O Sympathy—ſweet Sympathy! why haſt thou deſerted, or didſt thou never inhabit, the hearts of thoſe who encourage the diabolical traffic? The ſavage mind which is unmoved at the ſufferings of *even* a ſparrow, would re-

main equally unaffected with thoſe of a monarch, were it not for the novelty of the circumſtance. The mind is impreſſed with the beauty or deformity of any object at its firſt appearance, which after a long acquaintance, wholly loſes its effect. Hence the hapleſs African may be torn from the boſom of his native land, and when loaded with diſeaſe—to gratify the moſt wanton cruelty, be prepoſterouſly extended on the main-maſt, to expire amid the burning rays of the meridian ſun!—and this has been regarded with indifference, and the perpetrator eſcape with impunity! Thus cuſtom and habit put ſympathy out of countenance. But when a King, a Queen, or any great and celebrated perſon, becomes the unfortunate ſubject of inſult, and even executions, which does not occur once in ſeveral centuries, a general ſympathy prevails. But there is alſo a particular ſympathy felt by intelligent minds

on theſe memorable occaſions, which ariſes from the conſideration, that perſons in elevated ſtations, who from their education, connections, and unlimited advantages for cultivating and exalting the mental faculties, may be preſumed to feel moſt exquiſitely their humiliated ſituation, and to ſuffer more from the mind than from the puniſhment inflicted on the perſon. Notwithſtanding all theſe combine advantages, though they may greatly promote, cannot purchaſe ſenſibility, nor can the being deprived of them preclude us from it. It is like ſympathy, a plant of nature, and often found where leaſt expected.

Phyſicians tell us that there is ſo ſtrong a ſympathy between the mind and the body, that the affliction of the latter is not only often occaſioned, but its cure retarded, and not ſeldom wholly prevented by the affliction of the former,

and that perſons of much ſenſibility often become martyrs to diſorders, from which thoſe of an oppoſite caſt feel but little inconvenience. There certainly is a race of beings who appear to ſwim down the calm ſtream of life like a yacht on the tranquil tide of a ſummer's day; who are however as inſenſible to the more refined and rational enjoyments of life, as they are to its cares and misfortunes. There was a ſeaſon when I did not envy them their torpid ſenſations; but ſince inauſpicious Fortune has levelled her whole quiver of arrows at my defenceleſs tabernacle, I have ſincerely regretted I was not of their number.

AFFLUENCE.

HERE plenty dwells, and each luxuriant diſh
That eye can pleaſe, or pamper'd palate wiſh;

Here peace and graceful order ſmiling reign,
And grandeur nobly ſpreads her ſwelling train;
While ſplendor decorates the lofty pile,
And pleaſures flow that pain itſelf beguile.
So much ye ſons of affluence command,
Tis but to wiſh, and here the objects ſtand,
Dependant groups fly to, or wait your call,
In humble ſilence round the ſpacious hall:
With doubtful ſteps retreat or forward move,
And ſtill pronounce that beſt which you approve.
Thus ſacred conſcience quits the ray divine,
And bows obſequious to the golden ſhrine.

When traffic fails, and heavy taxes goad,
And honeſt thouſands ſink beneath the load,
What genuine gratitude *his* heart ſhould know
Whoſe affluent fortune bids each comfort flow,
And baſk in pleaſure 'mid ſurrounding woe.
Thus ruling Chiefs, in whoſe deſpotic breaſts
The power of peace or war ſupremely reſts,

Feel not the ills their fell reſolves create,
They ſtill glide on in vehicles of ſtate ;
The glittering car on lightning's wing proceeds,
And ſpace recoils before the prancing ſteeds ;
From ball to play—from play to ball they ſport,
And then, ſuperbly clad, they ſhine at court :
Their raviſh'd eyes their ſplendid forms behold,
'Mid pearls and diamonds, interspers'd with gold.
In fur and velvet wrapp'd, they homeward roll,
On carpets tread, and meet the flowing bowl.
Their mute dependents at their preſence fly,
And watch the diſtant motions of their eye.

Thus, Wealth! thy potent ſons make all obey,
Turn day to night, and night transform to day ;
Wreſt from the hoſtile ſeaſons all their arms,
And from the friendly cull their choiceſt charms.
Laugh at rough Winter's fierce terrific roar,
And hurl HIM breathleſs from their gorgeous door.

His nipping froſts, and cold protracted nights,
Are days to them replete with new delights.
And when fair Summer brings her lengthen'd days,
And golden Sol expands his blazing rays,
While lab'ring millions faint mid burning heat,
They brave his power—to rural ſcenes retreat,
Where ſhady groves, and cooling ſtreams abound,
And fragrant myrtles waft their ſweets around.
Here undiſturb'd, in ſome ſequeſter'd bower,
Mid fanning zephyrs ſpend the tranquil hour.

While Affluence thus preſides, how can you know
The miſeries that dwell in ranks below!
If war from you ten thouſand pounds demands,
It equals not a crown from lab'ring hands;
But while in pleaſing ſolitude reclin'd,
Where calm reflection may enrich the mind,

May ſoft compaſſion all your ſoul poſſeſs,
And deeds magnanimous her power confeſs;
That when the laſt immortal trump ye hear,
Ye with redoubled luſtre may appear,
As faithful ſtewards of the gift of heaven—
For much will be required where much was given.

POVERTY.

COLD, hungry, ſhivering, meagre ſhade!
With whom each grief awakes;
The dwellings which thy feet pervade,
Each boaſted friend forſakes.

The ſhatter'd thatch and falling drops
That wet thy ſtrawy bed;
The ſhabby rug that round the wraps,
Or patch that cloathes thy head.

The driving ſnow, and wind ſo keen,
That through each crevice beat,
While ſcarce a cinder fire is ſeen,
To give one glow of heat.

Thy tatter'd rags and ſcanty board
Have nothing that invites;
A tale of woe thou canſt afford,
And who in that delights!

Yet in thy form dwells no diſgrace,
For men of *nobleſt mind*,
By fortune drove, thy footſteps trace,
Becauſe the dame is blind.

For *theſe*, though circled in thine arms
Amid Oppreſſion's night,
A conſcious ray awakes that charms,
And turns the dark to light.

For *theſe*, whom plenty once did bleſs,
But now compell'd to groan
Beneath the rod of keen diſtreſs,
For follies not their own.

The generous heart with pity glows,
And where fair Plenty's found,
With more than pity helps to cloſe,
And heal the bleeding wound.

But thouſands in thy ſhatter'd cell
Enter life's fickle ſtage,
And thus enur'd to hardſhips, dwell
With thee to good old age.

Though theſe excite no tender flame
Like thoſe we late did meet,
Yet juſtly theſe prefer their claim,
As may the body's feet,

Which give the whole a double grace,
The arms and head ſupport;
And let them nobly keep their place,
Which elſe muſt wade in dirt.

For what would bags of gold avail
If none would plough the ſoil;
And where would grandeur ſwell her ſail,
If all muſt work and toil?

Thus He who call'd our members forth,
Did ſo each part allot,
That none can ſpurn the other's worth,
Or ſay, I want thee not.

Were feet, ſo uſeful in their ſphere,
Plac'd on the arms or head,
The perſon monſtrous would appear,
With every beauty fled.

So when the head is overgrown,
Its ſight offends the eyes;
Its preſſure bears the body down,
And by degrees it dies.

Thus man's an emblem of the ſtate,
Which ſhould be one in ſoul;
Since poor and rich, with ſmall and great,
Are needful to the whole.

Then with an eye of cold neglect,
Let none the needy view,
While theſe in turn ſhould ſtates reſpect,
And give the homage due.

DISSIPATION.

CAN man his nobleſt powers debaſe
With vig'rous youth and health,
In diſſipation's lawleſs chaſe,
And ſquander needful wealth?

Rob thoſe he ſhould have cloath'd and fed,
Of every joy bereave,
And ſink with grief among the dead
Thoſe he ſhould fly to ſave?

His children leave, or faithful wife,
And with an harlot roam,
Or in a tavern ſpend that life
He ſhould have ſpent at home?

All cheerful by his fire-ſide,
Or in ſome juſt employ,
That for his houſehold may provide,
And not that houſe deſtroy.

With love of ſenſual pleaſure fraught,
Purſue the path of ſin,
Nor ſuffer one reflecting thought,
Till poverty comes in.

To him can recollection give
One ſhield to blunt a ſigh ?
If he reflects, 'tis death to live,
And double death to die !

Can he of war or tax complain
Who, did he thouſands own,
His fell career would not reſtrain
Till every mite was gone ?

Imprudence, idleneſs, and vice,
To WANT their ſubjects lead ;
While *harlots*, *drinking*, *cards*, and *dice*,
Transfix them to HER bed.

To war a thouſand ills we owe,
And ſuffer every day ;
But ah ! from *theſe ten* thouſand flow,
For *theſe* their millions ſlay.

Hence theſts and murders ſtain the land,
And robberies abound:
For *theſe* immenſe ſupplies demand,
And money muſt be found.

Could *theſe* be baniſh'd from our Iſle,
Virtue would bring relief;
And many a face would wear a ſmile,
That now is cloath'd in grief.

HUSBAND'S INEBRIETY,

THE

WIFE's SOLILOQUY.

AH! what a ſpouſe have I!
What an exalted head!
The ſow in yonder ſtye
Would beſt become his bed!

The ſow, why did I ſay?
His worth ſhe far exceeds;
Not meant for reaſon's ſway,
As nature leads ſhe feeds.

Her grunts, while quite replete
In filth ſhe takes her reſt;
Annoy no tender mate
With ſober reaſon bleſt.

But reaſon's cauſe is mute,
And nature bows with pain;
Man ſinks below the brute,
When Bacchus takes the rein.

Are ſuch creation's Lords,
Born to protect the fair;
Who ſaddle us with loads
Of ſorrow, pain, and care?

Muſt wives, alas! obey
The wild command of elves,
And tamely own *their* ſway
Who cannot rule themſelves?

The ſot—ſee how he reels,
With dead unmeaning eye!
No glow of ſhame he feels,
While hiſs, the ſtanders by!

And thus diſguis'd, perchance
He to a brothel goes,
And heigthen'd ills t' enhance,
Inſures for future woes.

Enough—I could proceed,
But 'twould the cenſure ſwell;
With what I fear indeed,
The muſe would bluſh to tell.

AN

O D E,

On a pious FATHER having attained the Eighty-Firſt Year of his Age, in AUGUST, 1794.

HAIL lovely morn—and thou bleſt ſun,
Riſe, and with double radiance run
Through this auſpicious day!
For now returns the natal morn
Wherein my honour'd Sire was born;
When ample fourſcore years and one
Have roll'd their fleeting way.

And yet the roſe his cheek ſupplies,
And yet he lives to feaſt my eyes,
And charm my liſt'ning ear,
While ſtill I hear his hallow'd tongue
Chaunt forth the evangelic ſong;
Or humbly at the throne of GOD,
Employ'd in ardent pray'r.

Here libertines your loſs ſurvey,
How dear for rioting you pay,
You're crippled in your bloom !
While in my active temp'rate Sire,
Each faculty remains entire ;
Like harveſt crown'd with golden ear,
He'll meet a joyful home.

Live on, dear Sire, thy children's pride ;
For with my father by my ſide,
With dignity I move.
For on his venerable face
Sits ſo much goodneſs, ſo much grace,
(With filial joy my boſom glows,)
That all who ſee approve.

What tho' no ſtar adorn his breaſt,
Nor purple robe nor ſplendid creſt,
Which decorate the great ;
Yet not the moſt exalted peer

To my fond heart is half ſo dear,
Or 'mid his heighth of earthly glare,
Can boaſt ſuperior ſtate.

Fair virtue in triumphal car
Out-ſoars the moſt refulgent ſtar,
And boaſts a royal claim;
Surpaſſing all terreſtrial things,
To manſions with the King of kings,
To crowns which life immortal brings,
And empire with the Lamb.

This view his ſpirit nobly bears
Thro' rugged life's perplexing cares,
And ſhall his hope be vain?
No;—heaven and earth ſhall paſs away,
And awful chaos cloud the day;
But Truth, like its eternal baſe,
Unſhaken ſhall remain.

Great TRUTH proclaims—" who ſeeks my face,
And ſupplicates celeſtial grace,
  Shall in my glory dwell."
What morn has wak'd or eve declin'd,
Or meal been paſt ſo unrefined,
  That pray'r and praiſe have not adorn'd,
    Within his humble cell ?

Not vague addreſs or empty form ;
For theſe his upright heart would ſcorn,
  Nor deign to think it pray'r.
My mind retains from infant years,
How oft he kneel'd diſſolv'd in tears,
  And wreſtling on his ſuit peferr'd,
    Till God was preſent there.

From manhood's prime to good old age,
His dying LORD—the ſacred page,
  Have been his conſtant theme.
And ſtill he prays for me and mine,

" Oh ! may they know the life divine,
" The SAVIOUR's love, his power and grace,
" And glories of his name."

But ſoon, ah ! moſt unwelcome thought,
Soon muſt he ſhare a mortal's lot,
And join the dearer dead,*
Who long has lain in ſweet repoſe ;
But when his day begins to cloſe,
His children round with tend'reſt care,
Shall prop his dying head ;

Watch every look and ling'ring breath,
And fondly ſeek to ſoften death,
While drops the filial tear.
But ah ! when breaks the golden bowl,
And thoſe dear eyes ſhall ceaſe to roll ;
If yet I live, tell me my ſoul,
Canſt thou the trial bear ?

* A beloved MOTHER, who died in the year 1777.

TO A NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

MAY no diſcord or ſtrife
Mar the joys of your life,
Who in hymen's ſoft bands are united;
Whether penſive or gay,
Let peace crown the day,
And love ſtill with love be requited.

May a promiſing race
The paradiſe grace,
Where Edward and Penny reſide;
But, if none, never flout,
You'll be better without,
Or kind heaven would not have deny'd.

If a thought to depart
From each other in heart,

Should ever your boſom accoſt,
Kick it out like a foe
So pregnant with woe,
That if cheriſh'd a moment you're loſt.

Through the paſſage of life
There's no friend like a wife,
Who is provident, virtuous, and true;
Though ſhe frown for awhile,
When the *wanton* may ſmile,
But her ſmiles are more bitter than Rue.

Diſeaſe, ſhame, and pain,
Are the gems in her train,
And deſtruction runs ſwift at her heels;
Yet the NINNY goes thither
Till his ſubſtance all wither,
And the deep-rooted poiſon he feels.

When courting, men ſwear
They could die for their fair,

And fly at their wiſh till they wed,
When married expect
They may treat with neglect
The wife thus allured to their bed.

But may Penny ſtill find
That her Edward is kind,
Be mutual—you'll meet no miſhap;
Then as huſband and wife,
You'll be happy through life,
And your exit reſound with a clap.

An opulent Surgeon was apply'd to (by an afflicted perſon) for his opinion; who after giving it in the moſt ungentlemanlike manner, demanded half a guinea as a fee.—In lieu thereof he received the following lines.

NEFARIOUS wretch, whoſe ſavage mind
And manners are alike unkind!

Thy ruſtic form, to ſay the beſt,
Strongly pourtrays thy rougher breaſt.
What! treat the *afflicted* with a leer,
And anſwer with inſulting ſneer!
Then with a face devoid of ſhame,
Boldly a round half-guinea claim!
For all the baſe pickpocket tribe,
A ducking-pond our laws provide;
And could I ten half-guineas ſpare,
I'd give them all to ſee thee there.

TO A FRIEND,

On the DEATH of a CHILD who was the idol of her affections.

MY joyleſs friend, I know your grief
Thus ſoon * admits of no relief;

* The day after the event.

This is a time of woe,
The heart unutterable ſighs,
And briny torrents from your eyes,
Muſt in ſucceſſion flow.

While o'er the lovely duſt you dwell,
Her name recall, her merits tell,
Then frantic with deſpair—
Cry "Fanny!—oh, my life, my *all*,
Fanny! awake! oh, hear me call!"
But Fanny will not hear!

I know the grief that wrings your heart,
And anxious come to bear a part;
Though mine is like a drop
To all the ſwelling waves that roll,
And now o'erwhelm your tortur'd ſoul;
But there's a better prop.

To love her much, muſt be confeſt
A feeling not to be repreſt,

By each parental friend :
But when we dare to idolize,
Juſt Heaven recalls the given prize,
For ſome more noble end.

Dear Fanny's flown from every ill ;
Secure on Sion's loſty hill,
She ſits for ever bleſt :
While little John * by heaven's deſign'd,
The angel guard to cheer your mind,
And lull your griefs to reſt.

Alas! my friend, confeſs you muſt,
That in the dear departed duſt
Was center'd *all* your heart ;
And if you're of the gem bereft,
'Tis for the lovely two that's left,
Who claim an equal part.

* The youngeſt child, who was then out at nurſe.

Yes, little John, the child of nought,
The other day not worth a thought,
Muſt Fanny's place ſupply.
Thus Heaven in mercy gives and takes,
And thus the *wiſe Diſpoſer* ſpeaks,
"Be ſtill and know 'tis I."

EPIGRAM.

WHAT a numerous crowd
Went to All-ſaints to grumble;
Says the text—"cry aloud,"
But the ſermon ſaid—"mumble."

On the Marriage of the Rev. Mr. CHAVE To MISS SUMMERS.

WHEN SUMMER quits our native iſle,
The woodland warblers ceaſe to ſing;

And nature ſcarce affords a ſmile,
Till ſhe beholds returning ſpring.

Which with a face that cheers the eye,
The heart elating tidings gives,
That ever welcome SUMMER's nigh,
And lo! the whole creation lives.

So Edwin felt a wintry froſt
Whene'er his cheering SUMMER's fled,
And many a ſigh his boſom croſt,
Till Hymen gave her to his bed:

In SUMMER every beauteous flower
With more than double fragrance blows;
Theſe Edwin ſaw, confeſt their power,
And in a rapture pluck'd the roſe.

Then did there e'er a ſummer's ray
Through circling ſeaſons yield ſuch bliſs,

As Edwin felt in that dear day
Which bade him call fair SUMMERS *his*.

Enchanting maid, in manners kind,
To bleſs, by name and nature form'd,
Her perſon fair—but fairer mind,
With all that love can aſk, adorn'd.

Now happy Edwin views his ſpoils,
While love triumphant forms the baſe;
When ſuch a prize rewards his toils,
He with a crown concludes his chaſe.

Though SUMMER's ever lovely name,
The lovelier maid did bluſhing leave,
The ſubſtance ſtill remains the ſame,
Or brighter ſhines now turn'd to CHAVE.

A reverend, wiſe, and manly ſpouſe
Adds luſtre to the faireſt bride;

And nature ſcarce affords a ſmile,
Till ſhe beholds returning ſpring.

Which with a face that cheers the eye,
The heart elating tidings gives,
That ever welcome SUMMER's nigh,
And lo! the whole creation lives.

So Edwin felt a wintry froſt
Whene'er his cheering SUMMER's fled,
And many a ſigh his boſom croſt,
Till Hymen gave her to his bed:

In SUMMER every beauteous flower
With more than double fragrance blows;
Theſe Edwin ſaw, confeſt their power,
And in a rapture pluck'd the roſe.

Then did there e'er a ſummer's ray
Through circling ſeaſons yield ſuch bliſs,

As Edwin felt in that dear day
  Which bade him call fair SUMMERS *his*.

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A reverend, wiſe, and manly ſpouſe
  Adds luſtre to the faireſt bride;

Each friend approves their plighted vows,
And each the other views with pride.

In mutual love long may you dwell,
How beſt to pleaſe each power awaken;
Then fame to future worlds ſhall tell,
That you've obtain'd the *flitch of bacon.*

P. S. When fairies dance and ride
By glow-worm light,
Up to the fire ſide
One froſty night,
Through ſome ſequeſter'd hole,
Unſought, unſeen,
As *you the wedding ſtole,**
The muſe crept in.‡

* The marriage was kept ſecret for ſeveral weeks after the event.

‡ I conveyed the above poem unperceived on the mantle-piece in Mr. C's parlour, without any perſon knowing who was the author, or how it got there.

TO AN AMIABLE FRIEND,
Under ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES.

DEAREST Sister, good and kind,
Ever ready to oblige,
Why is thy too gentle mind,
With misfortune doom'd to wage?

While the callous, thoughtless fair,
Scarce possessing common sense,
Swimming on devoid of care,
Rise to states of eminence—

Why does Virtue droop her head?
Why does Justice mourning lie?
Why does *Truth* with *Sorrow* wed,
While Oppression soars on high?

Each friend approves their plighted vows,
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Why does Justice mourning lie?
Why does *Truth* with *Sorrow* wed,
While Oppression soars on high?

Why—but to detach thy heart
From the fleeting joys below;
To ſecure the better part,
Where eternal bleſſings flow.

Were our cups with pleaſure fill'd,
Should we not with Peter ſay—
"Let us here our manſions build,
"Let us here for ever ſtay."

But when thorns beſet our road,
And the waves of trouble roar,
Then our hearts apply to God,
Then we wiſh away to ſoar.

Come my ſiſter, view the glaſs!
See the ſands, how faſt they run!
Soon the tedious hour will paſs,
Soon the crown of life be won!

Grateful reflections on the peculiar goodneſs of Heaven, when we were on the eve of a Famine, in the memorable autumn of 1795. Inſerted in Bonner's paper, Oct. 3, that year.

TWO fleeting moons have not revolved
Since Britain's mournful iſle,
In near approaching want involv'd,
Could not afford a ſmile.

Had the upliſted arm of God,
In juſtice to our crimes,
This autumn ſmitten with its rod,
Ah! what had been the times!

Famine with all her meagre train
From houſe to houſe had ran,
And deaf to every plaintive ſtrain,
Unbrac'd the heart of man.

But *mercy*, oh! the golden word,
The brighteſt gem in Heaven
Prevail'd—for *Juſtice* ſheath'd the ſword
And we are yet forgiven.

Preſerv'd are all our *golden* ears,
With bounteous *plenty* crown'd;
Plenty on every tree appears,
And ſwells the pregnant ground.

Shall we behold this general good,
Nor tune our grateful lays?
Had HOWE *diſcolor'd ſeas with blood*,
Each bard had ſung his praiſe.

And now could thankleſs man be ſtill,
Nor of ſuch mercy ſpeak,
Each marble rock and ponderous hill
Would awful ſilence break.

O may the mercy of our KING
Our piety increaſe ;
Then ſhall exulting ALBION ſing
Of plenty crown'd with peace.

Written to a Friend, on going to ITCHEN, about five miles from Wincheſter ; to ſee a country ſeat belonging to the late DUKE OF CHANDOS.

A Friendly party of one mind,
Were for a pleaſure-day inclin'd ;
Forſook their beds on Thurſday morn,
When each their perſon did adorn
With raiment proper for the day,
And in high ſpirits drove away.
The morn did a bad day portend,
Bid ſome unwelcome ſhow'rs deſcend :
But ſable clouds now diſappear,
And azure decks the atmoſphere ;
Phœbus expands his golden rays,

And all the rural ſweets diſplays ;
And that my friend the whole may know,
We to a place call'd Ichen go ;
Where with a honeſt batchelor,
We meet with good and hearty cheer.
Sincere, ingenuous, plain, and free,
No needleſs compliment had he.
Each welcome, what he lik'd to chuſe,
And each as welcome to refuſe.
Awhile we after dinner ſat,
Engag'd in inoffenſive chat ;
Then arm in arm in pairs we ſtalk,
And to his Grace's manſion walk.
Here, each apartment we behold,
Doth ſomething of the Duke unfold,
Magnificence decks ev'ry place,
And ſpeaks the owner is his Grace.
Some ancient portraits caught my eye,
Which bade my boſom heave a ſigh,
For ah ! thoſe once lov'd forms with reptiles lie.

When we had view'd the manſion o'er,
Park, garden, fiſh-ponds, and much more,
Our feeble frames begin to tire,
And ſome refreſhment we require ;
We now approach the humble cell,
Wherein our ruſtic friend doth dwell .
Here, fill'd with new ideas, we
Regale us with a diſh of tea.

Some hours yet remain unſpent,
And pleaſure was our ſole intent ;
So that we may the ſame increaſe,
Reſolv'd the chryſtal ſtream to trace :
Forthwith into a boat we go,
And up and down the river row ;
See the glad fiſhes friſk and play,
And ſeem as bleſt and pleas'd as they.

Re-ent'ring now, our friend's retreat,
To make his bounty quite complete,

A pleaſant ſyllabub we find,
When each may drink who is inclin'd.

Phœbus now haſtens to the weſt,
We think to haſten home is beſt ;
So, parting with our gen'rous friend,
Wiſhing each bliſs may him attend,
Enter our carriage, drive away,
Beſtow encomiums on the day.
None ſeem'd inclining to relent,
Each had a day of pleaſure ſpent ;
Thus chatting on, 'till we alight,
And bid each other a good night.

Thankful we all are ſafe and well,
And that no ill has us befel ;
Each to their dwelling go their way,
And thus concludes our pleaſure-day.

RELIGION.

THERE is not a benefit in nature, but by a miſapplication may be converted into an evil. Hence *Religion*, (the real poſſeſſion of which is a bleſſing the moſt ineſtimable that can be enjoyed by the human mind,) is in this our day of general depravity, by too many aſſumed for ignoble purpoſes; and being only a falſe light, operates like an *iguis fatuus*, conſtantly deceiving the incautious. In the firſt fifty years of the preſent century, perſons who profeſſed any religion different to that of the church of England, were treated with contempt: if in dependent circumſtances, generally loſt their cuſtom or employ, while their beſt friends, and even relations, became their enemies. Now whether (their mode of wor-

ſhip or) the doctrines they embraced, were more or leſs orthodox than thoſe of our eſtabliſhment, is not what I am attempting to prove; but that they adhered to them from principle, there can be little doubt, as they hazarded many temporal advantages, and were daily taking up the croſs. But in the preſent age, the profeſſion of ſome religion different from the eſtabliſhed church is ſo faſhionable, eſpecially in cities or large towns, that to obtain cuſtom, connections, and friends, it is abſolutely neceſſary to join one or the other of theſe ſectaries. Hence it is that they abound with hypocrites, who conſtantly attend with the moſt demure countenances, and would not ſuffer an oath to eſcape them for the univerſe; yet can cheriſh pride, malice, revenge, ingratitude, duplicity, evaſion, falſehood, and every other evil that can either gratify the malignity of their heart, or put a few ſhillings into their

purſe. I do not aſſert this from the experience of others only, but from my own alſo; as I have ſeldom had any tranſaction of conſequence with any of them, in which I have not found one or other of theſe evils predominant. And if I have at any time been ſo credulous as to repoſe any confidence in them, have generally found myſelf diſappointed. Though I do not from this condemn any ſet of profeſſors, on the contrary, I believe there are a few among thoſe of every denomination (ſome I have had the pleaſure of knowing), who do not content themſelves with a loud amen, an emphatic hallelujah, or even a long prayer in the meeting houſe, or in their families at home; but who daily exerciſe the more exalted part of religion (without which their profeſſion is vain), by entering into their cloſets when no eye ſees them but that Omniſcient Being, before whom they expand their heart, holding it as

it were in their hand, and comparing it with the word of truth, which ſaith, putting aſide all malice, let every man ſpeak *truth* with his neighbour. By thus examining our heart as in the awful preſence of God, by ardently imploring the aſſiſtance of his grace to ſubdue every evil diſpoſition, and by conſtantly watching for the fulfilment of our prayers, the conſcience becomes exquiſitely tender, recoils at the ſlighteſt deviation from the ſtricteſt rectitude, and is anxious to fulfil every relative duty in a manner that ſhall not only add luſtre to his character, but tranquillity to his mind. His word is as his oath or his bond; he will be cautious in promiſing, but if he has promiſed, he will aſſuredly perform, though to his *own* hurt, rather than violate his word, or deſcend to mean prevarications to cover his guilt, thus adding inſult to injury. And as he will ever be deſirous of performing his promiſe, when for

the benefit of others, ſo if he has promiſed or rather threatened any thing that betrays a principle of anger or reſentment, after he has entered into his cloſet and converſed a few minutes on the ſubject with the bible, his conſcience, and that FATHER OF MERCIES who has forgiven him ſuch repeated offences, he will come down like Zaccheus, when the powerful voice of the SAVIOUR had penetrated his heart, and not only recede from his unfavourable intention, but be ready to embrace the perſons with whom he was diſpleaſed, if they diſcover a ſincere inclination to friendſhip. The more we are with God and our heart, the more ſhall we adhere to the ſublime principles of truth, honor, juſtice, and philanthropy; and when theſe influence our life and actions, whatever our profeſſion may be, we are undoubtedly fundamentally right. Then though we may often be perplexed by the external evils that

ſurround us, a retreat within, united to active faith, will ever produce that tranquillity which can alone inſure us genuine happineſs in life—permanent happineſs at the awful period when the *vital ſpark* ſhall quit her earthly tenement—and ſuperlative happineſs at that final day of retribution, when the great FOUNT OF HAPPINESS ſhall "make up *his* jewels."

Sent to a FRIEND whilſt bathing at *Weymouth*, For the RECOVERY of his HEALTH.

IF ſprightly health my friend from Neptune ſeeks,
The faithful Muſe my ardent wiſhes ſpeaks:
O'may each gentle breeze, each ſwelling wave,
Unite for years to diſappoint the grave;
May hoary locks your honor'd temples grace,
And roſy health ſit ſmiling on your face,

'Till you ſhall far exceed the age of man,
'Till *four-score* years their ample round have ran;
Then full of days and virtue drop to reſt,
And wake to triumph with the ever-bleſt!

SENT TO A LADY,

WHO DOUBTED WHETHER I COMPOSED

A POEM,

TO WHICH MY NAME WAS AFFIXED.

IF Lady B—— will condeſcend
To read theſe lines which I have penn'd,
Perhaps it may her doubts confute,
And ſhe'll no more my word diſpute,
But own I may the Author be,
Of what ſhe did on Sunday ſee.

You'd hate a baſe perfidious youth,
Such *my* diſguſt to all untruth.
A gen'rous mind is never prone
To claim a merit not her own:
I would diſdain t' affix my name
To that which is another's claim.
What though aſſigned an humbler ſtation,
Than thoſe at Court in higheſt faſhion:
The higher graces of the mind,
Are not to affluence confin'd;
WISDOM does not erect her ſeat
Always in palaces of ſtate;
This bleſſing Heav'n diſpenſes round;
She's ſometimes in a cottage found;
And tho' ſhe is a gueſt ſuperior,
May deign to dwell with your inferior;
Yet, of this great celeſtial gueſt,
I dare not boaſt myſelf poſſeſt,

But *this* wou'd repreſent to you,
As Wiſdom does, the Muſes do,
No def'rence ſhew to wealth or eaſe,
But pay their viſits as they pleaſe.
Sometimes they deign to call on me,
And tune my mind to poetry;
But ah! they're fled, I'll drop my pen,
Nor raiſe it till they call again.

WRITTEN

BY DESIRE OF A WIDOW LADY,

ON THE

DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD.

AS with delight we view the op'ning roſe
Expand, and all her fragrant ſweets diſcloſe,
So did MATERNA view her lovely maid,
In all the charms of innocence array'd.

Oft had her little all, her only child,
The tedious hour with pleaſing chat beguil'd;
But Heav'n, all-good, and infinitely wiſe,
Remov'd this darling idol to the ſkies.
'Ere her young heart had been *obdur'd* by ſin,
Or guilt, tormenting fiend, could brood therein;
'Ere ſhe arriv'd at years that might deſtroy,
By *one* falſe ſtep, a tender mother's joy.
Behold ſhe ſoars to yon' celeſtial fields,
Where ev'ry plant ætherial odour yields;
With pitying eye, methinks ſhe looks below,
Commiſerates a tender mother's woe;
Bids her dejected heart from earth retire,
And all her future thoughts to Heav'n aſpire.
Prepare, ſhe cries,—prepare to meet the bleſt,
And join your SALLY in eternal reſt.

* *
*

A

POEM FOR CHILDREN:

ON

CRUELTY TO THE IRRATIONAL CREATION.

OH! what a cruel, wicked thing,
For me who am a little king,*
To give my hapleſs ſubjects pain,
And make them groan beneath my reign.

Were I a chafer and could fly,
Ah! ſhould not I with anguiſh cry,
Should naughty children take a pin
And run me through to make me ſpin?

Were I a bird, took from my neſt,
Should I not think myſelf oppreſt,
If toſs'd about in wanton play,
'Till maim'd and faint I died away?

* See PSALM viii. 6.

Now, and when I'm a bigger boy,
Let cruelty my heart annoy ;
Becauſe it is a dreadful evil,
That only fits me for the Devil.

If I *muſt* ought of life deprive,
The quickeſt way I will contrive,
To ſtop the trembling victim's breath,
And give it *little* pain in death.

I'll not torment a dog or cat,
A toad, a viper, or a rat ;
They're formed by an Almighty hand,
And ſprung to life at his command.

A bull, a horſe, yea every creature,
Of the moſt mild or ſavage nature,
Were kindly given for my uſe,
But never meant for my abuſe.

Good men (God's holy word atteſts,)
Are kind and tender to their beaſts;
May I be merciful and kind,
That I with thee may mercy find!

ON

HEARING THE REV. MR. R------D READ THE MORNING SERVICE.

WHEN plac'd within the conſecrated aiſle,
In penſive ſolitude I ſat a-while;
At length with all the grace that Heav'n inſpires,
All that ſolemnity the Church requires,
Began the ſacred order of the day;
The Reverend R——D did each truth convey,
With ſuch an emphaſis as muſt impart
A ſacred pleaſure to each pious heart,

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With ſuch a cadence he diſmiſs'd each clauſe,
As ſhould enforce a GOD's eternal laws.
Not as ſome Prieſts, who run o'er ev'ry pray'r,
As tho' no truth, or ſoul, or GOD were there;
The giddy hearer enters gay and vain,
And unaffected leaves the Church again;
While leſſer truths deliver'd on the ſtage,
Or even fictions will the mind engage;
Becauſe the player labours through his part,
To claim attention and affect the heart.
When in a tragic character he moves,
And treats of deaths, or diſappointed loves,
Then all the horrors conſequent on death,
Dart from his eyes, and ſpeak in ev'ry breath;
Does he th' afflicted lover perſonate?
Then all that ſofter paſſion can create,
Solicitude—love—anguiſh—grief—deſpair,
Yea, ev'ry ſigh, and languid look is there,

'Till each ſpectator's eyes with tears o'erflow,
And thus concludes this ſcene of fancy'd woe.
But truths eternal, ſacred, and divine,
Where goodneſs, majeſty, and juſtice ſhine;
Yea truths on which our future hopes depend,
Truths which the moſt exalted mind tranſcend;
That awful tragedy, in which a GOD
Pray'd, agoniz'd, and bath'd the ground with blood;
That tragedy from which the Sun withdrew,
Nor would his agonizing Maker view;
That love—ſtupendous love--ſurpaſſing thought,
Which paid our ranſom, tho' ſo dearly bought.
Theſe truths ſublime the audience *coldly* hear,
Nor ever deign to drop a feeling tear;
While at the play each boſom heaves a ſigh,
Lo! in the church unmov'd they ſit,—But why?
The Prieſt to whom the embaſſy is giv'n,
Who is the high ambaſſador of Heav'n,

Treats ſacred truth with cold indifference,
As tho' 'twere fiction, or impertinence.
Celeſtial themes, that move a ſeraph's lyre,
Droop on his tongue, and on his lips expire;
While the wiſe actor aims by his addreſs,
Each fiction as undoubted truth t' impreſs.
Would thoſe Divines, whom love cannot induce,
Whoſe languid hearts no ardor can diffuſe,
(Whoſe feet, perhaps, the church wou'd ne'er frequent,
If not inſpired by her emolument,)
Would even gain inſtruction from the ſtage,
By any means their audience to engage,
Leſt months and years ſhould run their ample round,
And when the Maſter comes, no fruit be found,
No prodigal brought home, no ſin ſubdu'd,
No Saint advanc'd in grace, nor mind renew'd;
All's barren ground, when an avenging GOD
Will from the Prieſt require his people's blood.

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY HEARING PROFANE *CURSING & SWEARING.*

AND can we wonder if the ſword,
Still reeks with human blood?
If threat'ning vengeance hurls around,
From a tremendous GOD!

When daring ſinners thus preſume,
His anger to provoke;
When daily thus with impious breath,
His dread command is broke.

What! hath eternal truth declar'd,
None guiltleſs ſhall remain,
Who ſwears by ought in Heaven or Earth,
Or takes his name in vain?

Yet imprecations fill our ſtreets,
And bold Blaſphemers dare,
Invoke damnation from above,
And by JEHOVAH ſwear.

Their impious breath pollutes the air,
Omnipotence defies;
And bids a long-forbearing GOD,
In awful judgment riſe.

What! trifle with that ſacred name,
Whoſe goodneſs gives us breath?
Or juſtice ſmites our feeble frame,
And chains us down in death?

Will not inſulted Majeſty,
In vengeance lift his hand;
And bid deſerved judgments fall,
On ſuch a guilty land?

O when will ſinners ceaſe from ſin,
And call for bleſſings down?
Then ſhall the ſword be ſheath'd again,
And laurels deck the crown.

ON

MARRIAGE, LOVE AND WINE,

WRITTEN

BY DESIRE OF P. G. ESQ.

OF WINCHESTER.

LOVE thou dear enchanting gueſt,
King of all the hoſts above,
Build a manſion in our breaſt,
We'll a banquet make for Love.

Love ſupreme of ev'ry pow'r,
Where thy gentle banner reigns,

Ages dwindle to an hour,
  Hymen's bands are ſilken chains.

Who with hands in wedlock meet
  And with hearts in Love unite,
Feel the nuptial contract ſweet,
  Soft'ning care with calm delight.

Who with love of gold inſpir'd,
  Or ſome baſer motive wed,
'Ere the honey-moon's retir'd,
  Lo, the tranſient paſſion's fled!

But where gen'rous love preſides,
  Years ſhall but increaſe the flame;
Huſbands love their fire ſides,
  Love the converſe of their dame.

Seek no more for bliſs to roam,
  While Materna ſighs in vain,
O'er a deſolated home,
  Drudging with her infant train.

Love ſhall give Philander thought
To aſſiſt his faithful wife,
While the young creation's taught
How to brave the ſtorms of life.

Love with moſt aſſiduous care,
Seeks to ſoften ev'ry woe,
Which the kind indulgent fair,
In their wedded ſtation know.

And ſhould more auſpicious fate
Add to this a bleſſing more,
Deign our comforts to complete,
And our board with plenty ſtore;

Wine ſhall cheer the languid heart,
Love each angry thought controul,
All that reaſon aſks impart,
And to bliſs conduct the ſoul.

A SEASONABLE ADMONITION,

In reference to those who are raised from a State of Indigence to the respectable Office of preaching the Gospel.

IF Scripture is to be our guide,
If by its precepts we are try'd;
I think that I have read therein,
Thou ſhalt reprove thy brother's ſin.
Then call me not preſuming maid,*
If I this precept have obey'd;
Tho' fortune on you ſeems to ſmile,
Take heed leſt Satan ſhould beguile;
Tho' you from low mechanics raiſe
Yourſelves to ſound IMMANUEL'S praiſe;
Tho' leaving lab'ring with your hands,
You now appear in gowns and bands;

* It was written some years before I was married.

Yea, tho' with gifts from Heaven bleſt,
Of knowledge, light, and zeal poſſeſs'd;
If haughty thoughts inſpire your ſoul,
It mars the glory of the whole;
If you advanc'd by charity,
Behave yourſelves imperiouſly;
Forget your former loſt eſtate,
And let high thoughts your minds elate;
Aſſume ſo much, if ſome neglect
To ſhew that homage you expect;
If ſupercilious thus your mein,
Why all your preaching proves in vain;
Your precepts grate upon the ear,
And you as ſounding braſs appear.
Ah! this is not the narrow way
That leads us to celeſtial day;
The way the bleſſed JESUS trod,
The way to holineſs and GOD.

Come learn of me, the Saviour cry'd,
Forego your arrogance and pride;
Be humble, lowly, meek in heart,
Or elſe with me you have no part.
He ſpake, nor did his works deny,
What his bleſs'd words did juſtify;
Altho' the LORD of glory he,
To teach us true humility,
Found not a place to lay his head,
Much leſs diſpleas'd to *change* his BED.*
Theſe friendly hints in love apply,
And I'll my faithful pen lay by.

* Alluding to a young Preacher who was highly diſpleased with particular Friends, on being put to ſleep in a Bed which he ſuppoſed to be inferior to that in which he had previouſly ſlept in the ſame houſe.

ON

INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE! thou ſin accurſt,
Of every ſin pronounc'd the worſt;
Deteſted weed, where'er thou'rt found,
Infernal poiſon ſwells the ground.

Chriſtians, who at perfection aim,
Or to its ſacred heights attain,
God-like, in all they act or ſay,
Will injuries with kindneſs pay.

Heathens, who led by nature's rays,
Nor ever bleſt with goſpel days,
By nature's dictates underſtood,
'Twere juſt to render good for good.

Brutes, that of reaſon ne'er poſſeſt,
Can act no higher than a beaſt;

Led by their own revengeful will,
Will doubtleſs render ill for ill.

But thou accurſt, where'er thou art,
Conſcience will know and point the dart:
Thou who repayeſt *good* with *evil*,
Art only equall'd by the Devil.

ON

THE GENERAL FAST,

APRIL 19, 1793.

OMNIPOTENT eternal ALL,
By whom ſtates riſe, or Empires fall,
Whoſe potent word creates a world,
Or bids it be to atoms hurl'd!

LORD of all Lords, and KING of Kings,
Beginning, Centre, End of Things,

Fountain of Light, of Life, and Love,
Through worlds below and worlds above!

Wond'rous I AM! Myſterious World!
Who canſt or draw, or ſheath the ſword;
We reptiles who of duſt are made,
Preſume to ſupplicate thy aid.

To thee we dedicate this day,
To mourn for ſin, to faſt and pray!
Thy wond'rous works of old declare,
The great effects of fervent pray'r.

Does Moſes but in ſpirit groan?
Lo! it prevails before thy throne;
The boiſt'rous waves at once divide,
And form a wall on either ſide.

Again he lifteth up his hands,
Iſrael a conquering army ſtands,
But when his fervent ſpirit fails,
They fall, and Amalek prevails.

The Ninevites its influence knew,
And jointly to thy footſtool flew,
They mourn, they faſt, to heav'n they cry,
And turn th' impending judgment by.

May we like them confeſs our ſin,
The renovating work begin;
Timely avert thy vengeful rod,
And Jacob-like prevail with God.

Our iſle, our favour'd iſle protect,
Our King and Senators direct;
Our fleets preſerve, our armies bleſs,
And bid the nation ſhout ſucceſs.

The rage for war through earth deſtroy,
And fill it with celeſtial joy.
Let peace her wiſh'd-for banner ſpread,
And laurels deck our Sovereign's head.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF EXETER,

OCCASIONED BY

The following Circumstance:

In Dec. 1791, *Jane Steer, a poor Widow Woman, of the Town of Chagford, in Devon, was sent to Exeter Gaol, for a Debt of* 15*l. against the Crown, to pay which she had neither Money nor Friend, but must infallibly have remained in that state of Confinement during Life, had not the Author undertook to raise the above Sum by Subscription, which she effected in the Course of two Days, by a personal Application to the Inhabitants of Chagford and about forty-four Persons in Exeter... The various Dispositions she discovered in the Course of her Progress on this Occasion, gave Rise to the following Poem:*

YE gen'rous friends who freely lent your aid,
And thro' your eyes a noble ſoul diſplay'd,
Accept my thanks for what you freely gave,
While in return I aſk you to receive,
A rich ſupply of that ſublime repaſt,
That mental banquet which ſhall ever laſt!

A feaſt by ſordid minds ne'er underſtood,
The joy, ſurpaſſing joys of doing good!
Illib'ral ſouls, for ſuch I know there be,
Strangers to want and to philanthropy,
Wiſely ſuſpect your own ungen'rous heart,
And bid the cenſuring fiend from thence depart!
See a poor wretch in *two* ſhort days ſet free,
Reſtor'd to hope and her loſt family,
Who had not fortune rais'd her *one* poor friend,
Her whole ſad life muſt in a priſon ſpend.
Ye wretched miſers who your treaſures hoard,
And ye who let profuſion deck your board,
See yon' poor neighbour in affliction lies,
And trembling age with cold and hunger dies!
In yonder gaol the wretched debtor groans,
And his hard fate in ſilent anguiſh moans!
Ah! what will ſtate, or ſordid pelf avail,
If death, unwelcome death, your heart aſſail!

Ye then perchance may for a favour ſue,
And be repuls'd as have the poor by you.

Admit reflection and ſhe'll ſoon ſuggeſt,
A proper mode to make her ſubjects bleſt!
To treat each creature with parental care,
To help the wretched, dry the widow's tear,
And to th' afflicted kindly lend an ear;
Will more refulgent brilliancy unfold,
Than if adorn'd with pearls or crowns of gold.
Thoſe uſeleſs pounds which ye will never want,
Rightly diſpos'd would ſtill your ſtore augment,
And to your needy neighbour ſpeak content.
The poor would bleſs you as you walk'd abroad,
And heav'n and your own heart your deeds applaud;
By all the good you'd be accounted dear,
And e'en the wicked would reſpect and fear:

Thus would you treaſure up a laſting ſtore,
Whereon to feaſt when time ſhall be no more.

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

MUCH

Addicted to Detraction.

—oo—

UNGEN'ROUS man!—baſe, dire, diſgrace-
ful youth!
Bold publiſher of lies—Reverſe of truth;
What foul malignant dæmon form'd thy tongue,
That it for *ſcandal* is ſo aptly hung?
Or did a brothel give thee birth and name,
And proſtitutes inſtruct thee to defame?
A noble mind aims to conceal a fault,
Whilſt thine delights to publiſh one of nought;
But while thy tongue deſcends to black diſgrace,
Fair innocence ſecurely ſleeps in peace;

Whilſt gen'rous minds—yea heav'n and earth
deſpiſe,
The ſoul who loves detraction, wrongs and lies.
And ſhould'ſt thou with ſo baſe a mind expire,
Thou'lt meet a ſentence to eternal fire.

WRITTEN

THE FIRST MORNING OF BATHING AT TEIGNMOUTH, FOR THE HEAD-ACHE.

WHILST on the Beach I ſtood, my courage
fainted,
And buſy thought a thouſand horrors painted!
Stranger to each, and each to me was ſtrange,
With none a kind good-morrow could exchange;
With penſive mind, whilſt tears my cheeks be-
dew'd,
Fierce Boreas, and a Nymph immerg'd I view'd;

Langour and pain her timid looks expreſs,
As by the woman carried in to dreſs;
Ah! me,—I cry'd, to plunge into the main,
Should I preſume,—this weak afflicted brain
Will grow derang'd, and I ſhall die with pain!
But ſome kind Fair * impreſs'd with ſympathy,
Conſol'd my grief, and bade my ſorrows flee;
Of whom, to practice what themſelves had taught;
One plung'd into the ſea with courage fraught;
Near thrice twice told ſhe dip'd quite undiſmay'd,
And then aſcends to dreſs, nor aſks for aid;
I chid my fears,—my cowardice was nip'd,
And next below the wave my head was dipp'd.
A ſtrange ſenſation,—in a ſecond o'er,
And I quite brac'd, much happier than before;
When I bathe next I'll have two dippings more.
O NEPTUNE! ſhould thy waves propitious prove,
And once this grievous malady remove,

* Three LADIES who had been accuſtomed to bathe.

Which long has baffled each Phyſician's art,
Mov'd by the impulſe of a grateful heart,
I'll chant thy virtues,—ſue the tuneful nine.
And mighty Jove, to lend his aid divine,
To fill me with devout poetic fire,
While I to Neptune tune the grateful lyre!

CREDULIA'S COMPLAINT.

AH! why theſe tears,—this riſing ſigh,
Theſe ſoft impreſſions, yet;
Cannot ſuch matchleſs perfidy
Compel me to forget?

Ye rural walks, ye verdant meads,
Ye ſolitary bowers;
Beneath your ſoft alluring ſhades
I've kill'd unnumber'd hours.

From you alone I ſeek redreſs,
Perfidio's vows recall;
Perhaps you'll pity my diſtreſs,
For you have heard them all.

Ah! with what tears did he invoke,
What ſighs my love implore?
A thouſand tender things he ſpoke,
And look'd a thouſand more.

Long did he ſeek CREDULIA's heart,
'Ere ſhe that heart could give;
Till Cupid ſhot that fatal dart,
Which bad PERFIDIO live.

Now words were wanting to expreſs
The tranſports of his ſoul;
He hop'd no more,—muſt die with leſs,—
Her will ſhould his controul.

Still more as with her converſe bleſt,
The gentle flame increas'd;

'Twas Paradiſe within his breaſt,
When her his arms embrac'd.

And ſhould ſhe ever prove unkind,
Or with another wed:
He'd never change his ſtedfaſt mind,
But join the peaceful dead.

I heard, nor did the fraud detect,
The treach'rous ſwain believ'd;
Nor once did my weak heart ſuſpect,
I e'er ſhould be deceiv'd.

But ſuch I was:—Yet ſtill the tear
Unwilling fills my eye,
And ſtill I find his image here,
And ſtill I heave a ſigh.

But riſe, my ſoul, with juſt diſdain,
Diſcard the guilty youth,
Nor let him give thy boſom pain,
Who flies the path of truth.

ON

THE MARRIAGE OF A LADY,

TO WHOM THE

AUTHOR WAS BRIDE-MAID.

AS the light bark on the tempeſtuous ſea,
Toſs'd to and fro, from dangers never free;
Diſmay'd with fear, and mov'd with ev'ry blaſt,
Till in a port her anchor's firmly caſt;
So oft is mov'd man's fluctuating mind,
Till it in wedlock a ſafe harbour find;
Here, if the ſoul meets but her deſtin'd mate,
Her joys are full, her happineſs compleat.
Be this your happy lot, my lovely friend,
Whoſe nuptial rites I this glad morn attend;
Whoſe humble, gentle mind for peace was born,
Whom virtue, love and innocence adorn.
Celeſtial graces dignify thy ſoul,
While pure religion all thy ways controul.

Theſe noble virtues which in thee abound,
Are haply in thy lov'd PHILANDER found.
His heart ſincere, his temper ſoft and mild,
Nor torn by anger, nor with art beguil'd.
Such gentle hearts alone ſhould join their hands,
And find that Hymen's chains are ſilken bands.
Their emulation's not who'll reign ſupreme,
But who ſhall love the moſt,—be moſt ſerene;
Remote from vanity and worldly toys.
Each ſeeks with each for more ſubſtantial joys.
Tranquility ſhall in their boſoms dwell,
Nor diſcord once approach their peacefull cell,
But mutually each other's grief they'll bear,
As mutually each other's joys will ſhare.
Thus, my lov'd friend, may you for ever prove,
The ſweet delight of harmony and love;
May ev'ry bleſſing you can aſk of heav'n,
To conſtitute your happineſs be giv'n;
If heav'n beſtows, with joy receive the prize,
If heav'n withholds, 'tis beſt what heav'n denies.

Thus ſweetly may you paſs your future life,
Nor once repent that you became a wife;
That you declin'd the pleaſing name of Young,
And that alone preferr'd of Chiverton.

ON

RECEIVING SEVERAL PRESENTS

FROM

THE REV. MR. H—, RECTOR OF CHAGFORD, IN DEVON, AND HIS LADY.

—oo—

DEAR donors—if the phraſe be not too free,
But ſurely friends ſo kind full dear muſt be;
Repeated gifts, unmerited, unaſk'd,
The obligation ſwells and binds it faſt;
While I a fortune leſs auſpicious mourn,
Too poor with aught but thanks to make return:
And thanks are vague my feelings to impart,
When gratitude o'erflows or fills the heart.

ON THE

DEATH OF MISS HOOPER,

AN AMIABLE MAIDEN LADY, OF CHAGFORD, IN DEVON.

SWEET in the ſilent vale the lilies blow,
Diſdaining gaudy pomp and empty ſhow,
Diffuſing fragrance round their lov'd retreat,
No borrow'd luſtre theirs, but worth innate;
Unſoil'd by blights or man's unhallow'd touch,
Their native ſweetneſs and their veſture ſuch,
That he pronounc'd, whoſe miſſion was divine,
They did the glory of a king out-ſhine.
But this lov'd flow'r we boaſt not all the year,
The ſeaſon's found when it will diſappear:
Its texture ſoft, too delicate its form,
To bear the nipping froſts and wintry ſtorm.
Its autumn comes, no more it feaſts our eyes;
It drops its leaves, reclines its head and dies;

But yet the root unblemiſh'd ſtill remains,
And all its od'rous property retains.
When winter's paſt, ſpring will return, and then
'Twill with redoubled fragrance bloom again.
Such is the lily;----ſuch the virtuous fair,
Who with the ſpotleſs lily I compare,
For whom I drop this tributary tear.
In her we boaſt a pure, unſpotted life,
Peace was her aim, an enemy to ſtrife;
With wiſdom fraught, yet harmleſs as a child,
Benevolent her heart, her temper mild.
Domeſtics' tears in ſilent ſorrow prove,
She ſweetly ſoften'd ſervitude with love;
Yes, ſoft compaſſion fill'd her gentle breaſt,
And tears the tender ſentiment expreſt.
But ſhould I here on all her merits dwell,
It would my theme beyond its limits ſwell;
No more—for heav'n each virtuous deed records,
And glory now the happy ſaint rewards;

No more ſhall langour, ſickneſs, pain, or death,
Stop or impede* her now immortal breath.
Why weep her friends? ſuppreſs the riſing ſigh,
And check the tear that fills your languid eye;
Nor fruitleſs grief for her dear loſs retain,
Whoſe days are crown'd with bliſs inſtead of pain.
If true fraternal tenderneſs could ſpare,
If a kind ſiſter's moſt aſſiduous care,
If all that love or affluence can give,
Could death diſarm or bid a *fav'rite* live,
‡ Ye would not now have mourn'd a ſiſter gone,
Cruelly kind you would her life prolong;
'Till fate or nature bid you all decay,
Happy through life you would together ſtay,
And all would die (methinks) in one dear day.
Thus ſpeaks affection which too oft is blind,
But faith and reaſon bid us be reſign'd,

* Miſs H. was afflicted with the Aſthma.
‡ A very affectionate Brother and Siſter of the deceaſed.

And know that GOD all-merciful and wiſe,
Diſpenſes ſov'reign bleſſings in diſguiſe;
Such the event which wakes my penſive muſe,
Faith, things unſeen, and diſtant proſpect views,
Sees the lov'd friend ye mourn ariſe from duſt,
Amid the reſurrection of the juſt;
In virgin whiteneſs clad and truly wiſe,
With lamp well trimm'd ſhe'll mount the burning
ſkies.
May each like her the better part prefer,
Nor death, nor judgment, ſhall the ſoul deter;
For hope, celeſtial grace, the ſaint ſhall cheer,
Tho' earth and heav'n recede and diſappear.
Here a lov'd brother ſhall his ſiſter meet,
And a lov'd ſiſter ſhall the other greet,
With joy renew'd in bleſt fruition now,
Unite again in grateful homage bow;
Deck'd with the glory of the KING of Kings,
While the glad cherubs clap their joyful wings,
And heav'n with loudeſt hallelujahs rings.

Here love immortal feeds the ethereal fire,
While flaming ſeraphs tune their golden lyre,
The GOD, the Saviour, ſhews his prints of love,
Then ſhouts of glory fill the hoſts above;
The raviſh'd ſaints the rapt'rous ſcenes behold,
At JESU's feet they caſt their crowns of gold,
And worthy, worthy, worthy, they proclaim!
Of glory is the LAMB who once was ſlain;
Thus ſhall each virtuous ſoul their GOD adore,
And richly baſk on yon' celeſtial ſhore,
Where death & pain, and parting are no more.

TO A LADY,

WHO LENT ME, THOUGH QUITE A STRANGER TO HER,

Two valuable Volumes of Proſe and Poetry.

THE volume which improves and entertains,
The plaudits of the reader juſtly gains;
Here vice and folly's ſad effects we trace.
And virtue triumphs with ſuperior grace;

Then for its loan my grateful thanks accept,
While you dear madam merit due reſpect;
You ſaw a ſtranger and became her friend,
Your entertaining volumes deign'd to lend.
Unaſk'd you offered, which the favour ſwells,
And thus the tribute of my muſe compels;
That I the volumes ſhould return I knew,
But how, dear madam, was this known to you?
You knew me not, by perſon or by name,
You knew not where I went, or whence I came;
But you've perhaps attain'd proficiency,
In the ſtrange ſcience of phyſi'gnomy;
Or is 't becauſe within your gen'rous breaſt,
Deceit and fraud have found no place of reſt?
How bleſt were man if all with friendly heart,
Would each to each ſome mutual good impart;
How bleſt, if all with unſuſpicious mind,
Like you delighted to be good and kind.
How loſt the wretch to virtue's ſmalleſt ray,
Who dares ſuch gen'rous confidence betray;

The vileſt miſcreant who infeſts the road,
And dares imbrue his hands in human blood,
Is not more loſt to ev'ry ſenſe of good,
Than thoſe whoſe boſom nurſe ingratitude;
May all, dear Ma'am, to whom you kindneſs ſhew,
Have ſouls that ſhall with equal kindneſs glow.

AN ADDRESS

To my very reſpectable Friends at Chagford, in Devon, on myſelf and Family removing from thence Feb. 18, 1792,

After residing there many Years.

ADIEU dear friends—dear Chagford friends adieu!
Affection feels a ſhock at leaving you;
What tho' ſucceſs invites us to depart,
To quit lov'd friends afflicts a grateful heart!
And ſuch ye are, full well your favors prove,
Your frequent tokens of reſpectful love.

Your *actions* more than *words* this truth atteſt;
We had no ſouls if they were unimpreſt;
If gratitude and love did not unite,
And on our hearts ſuch genuine kindneſs write.
Sacred to friendſhip, here your names ſhall laſt,
'Till memory and recollection's paſt;
'Till life itſelf's extinct—and who can tell
But after death we may together dwell;
May haply meet again, rejoice and know,
That we were friends and neighbours once below.
If ſuch the bleſſing to immortals given,
Methinks 'twould add felicity to heaven!
To feaſt the eye at one extatic view,
With thoſe lov'd friends whom once on earth we knew:
To ſee them thus beyond the power of ill,
Secure of heaven—which bleſt immortals fill.
That heaven, which virtuous lives alone inſure,
Where joys are endleſs, as ſublime and pure;
Where nameleſs pleaſures flow without alloy,
And boundleſs themes the raptur'd hoſts employ;

Where every boſom glows with holy fire,
And happy myriads fill th' immortal choir.
O may my ev'ry Chagford friend be bleſt,
In this bright manſion of eternal reſt!
'Till then perchance we've taken final leave,
To meet no more 'till thus beyond the grave;
No more whilſt ſummer lends her glad'ning rays,
In friendly jaunts we ſpend the tranquil days;
To mazy woods and rural proſpects ride,
Where limpid ſtreams o'er rocks tremendous glide;
Where in a verdant ſhade all happy we,
With higheſt reliſh drank our diſh of tea.
No more—but to recount it now, how vain!
The recollection but augments my pain.
Accept, dear friends, accept this falling tear,
The grateful tribute of an heart ſincere;
But ſhould a thouſand in ſucceſſion flow,
They're but a debt I to your kindneſs owe.

LINES

SENT TO AN EXAMINER* IN THE EXCISE.

WHEN you good Sir this ſcribble ſee,
Perhaps you'll drop a thought of me,
With whom you had ſome friendly talk,
About th' exciſe, and a foot-walk;
May *you* in ev'ry wiſh ſucceed,
And my *good friend* as haply ſpeed;
Then to a walk he ſoon will riſe, Sir,
And you'll become his ſuperviſor;
Theſe wiſhes gain'd, like other men,
You both perchance may wiſh again—
You'll wiſh a *ledger*‡ to obtain,
And he'll a *diſtrict*‖ hope to gain;
And when you've both attain'd the ſummit,
You'll wiſh you may not tumble from it!

* A Perſon in a State of Probation for a Diſtrict.
‡ A Phraſe in the Exciſe for a Collectorſhip.
‖ A Superviſorſhip.

And now my muſing thoughts incline,
To introduce a wiſh of mine;
I wiſh you both, while yet on earth,
A better and more *certain* birth;
For now you're ſtation'd like an egg,
Upon a pointed tott'ring peg,
A thouſand chances but ye fall,
And loſe your diſtrict, walk, and all;
And ſhould you ſtand, ſoon comes your *rout*,
For each *fourth year* you're mov'd about.
Theſe conſtant movements drain your purſes,
While traders load you with their curſes,
And if you have not one and all,
Obſerv'd the maxim of St. Paul,
And liv'd without a child or wife,
How marr'd the joys of nuptial life!
As you from theſe muſt ever part,
And wound kind Hymen to the heart.
Or if you yet reſide together,
What various hardſhips muſt you weather!

If any houſhold you poſſeſs,
To ſell or move it muſt diſtreſs,
Or, " *thro' the nose*," as people ſay,
For ready-furniſh'd lodgings pay;
Diſtant from family and friend,
With nameleſs wants you muſt contend,
And come what may of grief and ſorrow,
You at your peril ſcore or borrow;
Like Iſr'el bound by Pharaoh's law,
To make their bricks without a ſtraw;
Thus well perplex'd on ev'ry ſide,
You daily row 'gainſt wind and tide.
But when your trials are no more,
I wiſh you may triumphant ſoar,
To join that bleſt immortal band.
Where none e'er meet a *reprimand;*
Where pow'r omniſcient nobly ſways,
And men by their *intentions* weighs,
Nor *that* e'er *cenſures* as a fault,
Where *guilt* does not infect the *thought;*

Within theſe bright etherial ſhades,
Where juſtice temper'd thus pervades,
Each *honeſt* mind may feaſt at large,
Beyond the pow'r of a *diſcharge*.

THOUGHTS,

OCCASIONED BY THE PROCEEDINGS ON

BRISTOL BRIDGE,

And the Melancholy Conſequences, on the Awful Night of

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1793,

When the Military were ordered to fire on the Populace, in Conſequence of their collecting together, to obſtruct the Continuance of the Bridge Tolls, by which Means many innocent People paſſing by loſt their Lives.

PAUSE, reader! and admire the grace,
Which ſtill protracts thy chequer'd race;
Thy huſband, neighbour. friend, or ſon
All tranquil ſtood as thou haſt done,—

When lo! they met the awful doom,
Which now conſigns them to the tomb!
How ſpake the MAGISTRATE on high? *
CAPTAIN in chief of earth and ſky,
Had this command impreſt the mind
Of thoſe who *all* to death conſign'd,
Carnage and woe had not prevail'd,
Nor horror every face aſſail'd,
While bullets flew from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Leaving no moment for retreat:
The honeſt Tradeſman homeward bound,
Would not have met the mortal wound;
Nor inoffenſive ſtander-by
Drop by his neighbour's ſide, and die:
No amputated legs or arms,
(As tho' amid dire war's alarms)
The hapleſs woman, boy, or man
Had mourn'd thro' life's protracted ſpan;

* *But he said, Nay; leſt whilſt ye gather up the Tares, ye root up alſo the Wheat with them.* Matt. xiii. 29.

Nor widow wept her huſband gone,
While orphan's tears the groan prolong!
My Friend, † alas! whoſe peaceful mind
Riot abhors of every kind,
Had paſs'd the ſtreet, in *duty's* call,
Where whiſtled through the deadly ball,
Not *two* ſhort minutes ere began
The fire! which levell'd man by man;
He! who with warmth eſpous'd the cauſe
Of thoſe who ſought t' inforce the laws.
(" The legal pow'r ſhould be obey'd,
" And due inveſtigation made,
" If wrong,—to law apply for aid,
" And not by riot ſeek redreſs,
" Or hope an evil to ſuppreſs:

† A Relative, returning from the Duties of his Office.

" 'Tis ſeeking demons to expel,
" By Beelzebub, the prince of hell.")
Yet he, with ball in breaſt or head,
Perchance had ſunk among the dead!
How ſpake the Patriarch of old,
When Sodom's judgment was foretold?
" Ah! wilt thou not the city ſpare,*
" If fifty righteous ſouls are there?"
Thou can'ſt not *ſport* with human blood,
And with the *wicked* ſlay the *good;*
Or fire promiscuously on all,
Leſt guiltleſs with the guilty fall;
This deed were odious in thy ſight,
Shall not the Judge of all do right?
Ere fell the dread devouring flame,
How cautious was the great I AM!
Though thouſands ſoon muſt burning lie,
That not *one* righteous man ſhould die:

* Gen. xviii. 24, 27.

For thus he ſpake,* with angel's tongue,
" I can do nothing till thou 'rt gone;"
For better *fifty* juſtice fly,
Than *one* ſhould innocently die.
If ſuch the language of the good,
Of Abraham, and Abra'm's GOD,
Then how ſpeaks conſcience, Sirs! to YOU,
By whoſe *command* the bullets flew?—
But what can this fell ſpectre ſay,
In our reform'd, enlighten'd day!
Then let old conſcience take her flight,
And view it in another light.
If aught attack the human frame,
Should we not think the *man* to blame,
Or ſay *his* intellects were bad,
If not conclude *him* really mad;
Suppoſe our toe or finger ſwell,
Who thus preſcrib'd to make them well:

‡ To Lot, Gen. xix. 22.

" Cut off the foot, or leg, or arm,
" And to prevent all future harm,
" If theſe by amputation bleed,
" Cut off the head with utmoſt ſpeed."
Thus cure the ſwelling of the toe,
By the whole body's overthrow.
Permit me ere I drop my pen,
To add a line for injur'd men :—
O why, in common ſenſe's name,
Should each his folly thus proclaim,
By treating with unjuſt abuſe,
The men* who cannot want excuſe!
What private ſoldier durſt withſtand,
His ſtern ſuperior's dread command?
Ah! what had been his wretched lot?
Himſelf had met the fatal ſhot!
Or with his arms to halberds ty'd,
In ſtreaming blood had ſoon been dyed,

* After this melancholy Event, ſo great was the Reſentment of the People againſt the Military, that the Private Men were groſsly inſulted.

While laſh ſucceeding laſh had flown,
And ſtript the culprit to the bone!
Why, in the name of Juſtice then,
Each day inſult the private men?
The BOOK* we call our rule of life,
Promotes no bloodſhed, noiſe, or ſtrife;
'Tis long forbearance! kindneſs! love!
The page celeſtial deigns t' approve:
Then let this page your minds impreſs,
Who by revenge would ſeek redreſs;
For limbs or friends that's torn away,
JUSTICE the evil will repay,
In this or ſome more diſtant day!
Calmly to heav'n ſubmit your cauſe,
Nor violate its ſacred laws,
By fell revenge ſeek not for blood,‡
Vengeance belongs alone to GOD!

* The Holy Bible.

‡ It was reported, that the Populace intended reſenting the Death of thoſe who fell on this unhappy Occaſion,

AN

HYMN FOR A CHILD,

WHO HAS

LOST ITS FATHER OR MOTHER.

O THOU, who once didſt children bleſs,
And take them in thy arms,
Defend the infant, fatherleſs,
And guard my feet from harms.

Thou canſt the loſs of friends ſupply,
And turn to good each ill;
Though every friend ſhould fail or die,
Thou art all-gracious ſtill.

Thy wiſdom and thy pow'r I own,
For all thy ways are juſt;
The Prince thou raiſeſt to his throne,
Or lay'ſt him down in duſt.

ſion, by committing Outrages on the Perſons and Houſes belonging to the Magiſtrates and Officers who cauſed Ball to be fired.

May I obey thy ſacred word,
In theſe my infant days;
Grow up in all things like my LORD;
And learn to liſp his praiſe.

So ſhall I find thy promis'd reſt,
When this frail life is o'er,
And meet in my dear SAVIOUR's breaſt,
My friends fled hence before.

ON THE

DEATH OF A BELOVED MOTHER,

Who died February 6, 1777.

And I heard a Voice from Heaven, ſaying unto me, write, Bleſſed are the dead which die in the LORD, *&c.* Rev. xiv. 13.

'TIS done,—'tis heaven recalls her, I reſign,
And bow obſequious to the WILL divine,
But ah! the ſad event when firſt I knew,
Each comfort from my wounded boſom flew:

I heard—I felt—I ſunk beneath the ſtroke,
With very grief my vital ſpirits broke.
The dear lov'd face I view'd conſign'd to death,
And heard her bleſs me with her parting breath.
Full was my bleeding heart, and thus I cry'd,
Oh! that with my lov'd parent I had dy'd;
A thouſand of her ſoft endearing words
Flew to my mind, and ſharper pierc'd than ſwords.
She gave me birth, and twenty fleeting years
I've been the object of her anxious cares.
Thro' helpleſs infancy ſhe ſav'd from harms,
And nurs'd, and bore me in her tender arms.
She ſympathiz'd in every pain and grief,
And would have borne it all for my relief.
And is that precious life for ever o'er?
And ſhall I find maternal love no more?
In vain this vaſt tereſtrial ball I trace,
I view no more that lovely, deareſt face:
No more her ſoft, indulgent accents hear,
Which bade my mind by virtue's compaſs ſteer;

Oh! worſt of days, that has bereft of life,
So dear a mother, and ſo lov'd a wife.
Where ſhall I go to eaſe my burthen'd heart!
Where find a friend, who'll with me bear a part?
Alas! there's none—O let me weep and ſigh!
I'll mourn and wail my loſs until I die!
Thus nature felt and ſpoke: for reaſon fled;
And faith and hope lay buried with the dead;
But there's a GOD, a never-failing friend,
Whoſe pity, love, and goodneſs, know no end.
I knew him ſuch,—I to his footſtool flew,
And found his promiſes were firm and true.
He heard my ſad complaint, he gave relief,
And bade me riſe ſuperior to my grief.
Huſh! nature, then I cry'd, nor more complain,
She only left a world of grief and pain,
To enter manſions of eternal joy,
And baſk in pleaſures which can never cloy.
How patient in affliction, how reſign'd!
How meet for glory was her peaceful mind!

She welcom'd death, and ſaid, *Lord, quickly come*
And take me hence, I long to be at home.
She bleſt her houſe, and bid them ceaſe to weep,
Then, with a tranquil ſmile, ſhe fell aſleep.
Hail then, dear ſaint, in thy immortal reſt!
Rejoice with all the ſpirits of the bleſt.
Live with thy GOD, nor let my partial mind
E'er wiſh thy ſtay from joys ſo unconfin'd;
But let my grateful heart in praiſe aſcend
To that all-gracious, all-victorious friend,
Who guided, lov'd, and kept thee to the end.

A CENSURE ON RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY:

OR,

Love the Eſſence of Religion.

O LORD, what various modes we ſee
Mortals purſue to worſhip thee!
Each thinks his own the very beſt,
And with diſdain beholds the reſt.

Thus did I ſeek the *true* alone!
By each man's comment on *his own*,
No form or doctrine would be wrong;
But perfect truth to *all* belong.
But ſhould I change the word and ſay,
What think you of your *neighbours'* pray?
Then *none* would be *without* defect,
And each be an erroneous ſect.
But THOU didſt one great law impart,
And *that*—"My ſon give ME *thine heart*:"
If *this* be THINE—the form whate'er,
Is not an object worth my care.
What if this ſect, or that I join,
And think *my* party moſt divine?
Vain will my warmeſt notions prove,
If abſent from *my heart* THY love.
What if with Calvin I agree,
Or to Arminian doctrines flee,
I ſtill remain a child of ſin,
If love does not preſide within.

Let bigots for the ſhell contend,
In idle controverſies ſpend
Their precious time, whom zealots fire,
And notions (not thy love) inſpire.
With me let names and parties fall:
Thy love, my ſov'reign GOD, *my all;*
The ſubſtance this—of this poſſeſt,
'Mid flaming worlds I ſtand conſeſt.

ON THE

PREVALENCE OF SIN.

COME thou all-prevailing Spirit,
Come and teach me how to pray;
Intercede for JESU's merit,
Waſh and take my ſins away.

How much need of that atonement
Hath a guilty ſoul like me?

Who am not one fleeting moment
From ſome ſinful paſſion free.

Sin—where'er I go, I find it,
Find it woven in my heart;
To thy croſs O JESUS! bind it,
Sin deſtroy, and grace impart:

Sin, like weeds, for ever ſpringing,
Doth the ſoil throughout defile;
All my life's a life of ſinning,
JESU, ſave me, I am vile.

Yes, I ſin in every action,
Sin in every word and thought;
I can't pray without diſtraction,
Sin on all I do is wrote.

When I to my cloſet enter,
Seeking peace in JESU's blood,
Swift as thought intrudes the Tempter,
Drives or draws my heart from GOD.

Thus, while I am proſtrate lying,
While my lips in prayer move,
While with ſeeming ardour crying,
For redemption from above;

Lo! I find at that dread inſtant,
My vain heart is rov'd away,
Wander'd off on ſomething diſtant,
And my lips alone do pray.

Then abaſh'd, I ſilent wonder
Why is ſuch a rebel ſpar'd!
Why not caſt amongſt that number,
In eternal chains reſerv'd?

Then with ſhame and joy confounded,
I exult in ſov'reign grace;
Grace which hath to me abounded—
Me, a wretch of Adam's race.

Lord, if I forget to praiſe thee,
Let my tongue forget to move!

JESU to thy likeneſs raiſe me,
Let me all thy goodneſs prove.

Let my guilt be now abſolved,
My whole nature ſanctify;
LORD, I long to be diſſolved,
Make me meet and let me die.

AN

ELEGY ON A MAIDEN NAME.

BEING

SARAH's WEDDING DAY.

ADIEU, dear name, which birth and
Nature gave—
Lo! at the altar I behold thy grave,
While ſaddening ſighs my penſive boſom heave.
Forgive, dear ſpouſe, this ill-tim'd tear or two,
They are not meant in diſreſpect to you.

I hope the name which you have lately giv'n,
Was kindly meant and ſent to me by heav'n.
But ah! my recent loſs I muſt deplore,
For that dear name the tendereſt mother bore.
With that ſhe paſs'd full forty years of life,
Adorn'd th' important character of wife:
Then meet for bliſs from earth to heaven retir'd,
With holy zeal and true devotion fir'd.
In me, what bleſt my father may you find,
A wife domeſtic, virtuous, meek and kind.
What bleſt my mother, may I meet in you,
A friend and huſband—faithful, wiſe, and true.
Then be our voyage proſperous or adverſe,
No keen upbraidings ſhall our tongues rehearſe;
But mutually we'll brave againſt the ſtorm,
Remembering ſtill, for help-mates we were born.
Then let rough torrents roar, or ſkies look dark,
If love commands the helm which guides our bark,
No ſhipwreck will we fear, but to the end,
Each find in each, a juſt, unſhaken friend.

Written a few Hours before the Birth of

MY FIRST CHILD.

MY GOD, prepare me for that hour,
When moſt thy aid I want;
Uphold me by thy mighty power,
Nor let my ſpirits faint.

I aſk not life, I aſk not eaſe,
But patience to ſubmit
To what ſhall beſt thy goodneſs pleaſe;
Then come what thou ſeeſt fit.

Come pain, or agony, or death,
If ſuch the will divine;
With joy ſhall I give up my breath,
If reſignation's mine.

One wiſh to name I'd humbly dare,
If death thy pleaſure be;
O may the harmleſs babe I bear
Haply expire with me.

The following Lines were composed previous to the Birth of my first Child;—written and sealed with my own Hand, and committed to the Care of my Friends, that in Case of my Death, and the Child's living to a proper Age, it might be presented therewith.

TO

MY DEAR CHILD.

DEAR ſinleſs babe, whoſe peaceful room
Centers within thy mother's womb;
Whoſe mind's unſpotted, ſpirit pure,
As happy (doubtleſs) as obſcure.
Whom having never ſeen, I love,
And breathe my ardent ſoul above;
That Heav'n its richeſt gifts may give
To my lov'd infant, ſhould it live.
What unknown cares obſtruct my reſt,
What new emotions fill my breaſt!
I count the days ſo oft re-told,
E'er I the treaſure can behold.

Thought after thought intrudes a dart,
And ſtrange forebodings fill my heart.
Perhaps the time which gives you life,
Deprives Euſebius of his wife;
And you for circling years may ſpare,
Who ne'er will know a mother's care.
Perhaps ſome rude, ungentle hand,
Thy infant footſteps may command;
Who, void of tenderneſs and thought,
Too harſhly menaces each fault.
O thought too poignant! may'ſt thou die,
And breathleſs with thy mother lie.
But dare I Heav'ns deſigns o'erthrow?
Come, reſignation, quickly flow;
Say to fond nature's fears "be ſtill,
"And bow to the Almighty will,"
Perhaps I yet may live to ſee
My child grow up and comfort me;
Or if I die—perhaps my ſhade
Thy infant footſteps may pervade;

Sleepleſs myſelf, thy eye-lids cloſe,
And guard thee whilſt in ſoft repoſe.
And when your judgment comprehends
What now your anxious mother pens,
Theſe lines ſhall to your view impart,
The genuine tranſcript of her heart.
I wiſh the child I call my own,
A ſoul that would adorn a throne!
With keen ſenſations, ſoft, refin'd,
A noble, but an humble mind.
Be courteous, prudent, virtuous, wiſe,
Each friend's inſtruction always prize.
And if you're caſt in learning's way,
Improve each moment of the day,
And graſp at knowledge whilſt you may.
With richeſt freight your mem'ry ſtore,
And prize it more than golden ore.
For riches you may loſe and ſpend,
But knowledge is a laſting friend.

Be ſtrictly honeſt, ſtrictly juſt,
On no pretence betray your truſt:
If any to your breaſt confide
A ſecret—there let it abide:
Whate'er you promiſe, bear in mind,
Each promiſe ſhould to action bind.
From low deceits and falſehood fly,
Nor dread a ſerpent as a lie.
In ſome you'll find a conſtant flame
To vilify their neighbour's name;
But mark that woman, mark the man,
And ſhun their converſe if you can:
For ſuch, as thus diſpos'd, you ſee,
When thou art gone, ſpeak ill of thee.
But, if with ſuch obliged to meet,
Like prudence, ſhew yourſelf diſcreet;
And if you're urg'd, as oft I've known,
To join with them to caſt a ſtone;
Rather appear to know it not,
Than help thy neighbour's name to blot:

Thus you may find evaſions good,
Well tim'd, and rightly underſtood;
But 'twould be wrong ſhould you conceal
Faults which obſtruct your neighbour's weal;
And doubly wrong if you evade
What known would honour—not degrade.
Hence your own judgment muſt diſcloſe,
When to conceal, and when expoſe.
Are any plac'd beneath your care,—
Of proud auſterities beware;
Let ev'ry word and action prove
You'd win their ſervices by love.
Be ſoft and gentle, tender, mild,
E'en from the ſervant to the child;
Yea, let each inſect, bird and beaſt,
Within your ſphere, your goodneſs taſte.
Muſt you deſtroy a worm or fly?
With quickeſt motion let it die:
Nor let a creature e'er complain,
You gave one moment's needleſs pain:

They but a ſavage heart expoſe,
Who trifle with a reptile's woes.
Whate'er you want, to GOD make known;
If meet,—your wiſhes are your own;
Make him your confidant alone.
His laws obey, his voice attend,
And then you'll never want a friend.

TO

MY CHILD,—IF A SON.

IF you, my ſon, ſhould e'er incline
In Hymen's careful bands to join,
Obſerve the maid who ſuits your heart,
But ne'er your mind to her impart,
'Till you have view'd her o'er and o'er—
Her life and character explore,
Know if you can her mental ſtore:

And if you find the maid is ſhe
Who may through life your help-mate be,
Then court her heart, with honour court,
Nor dare to make a nymph thy ſport:
With ardour ſeek—her love obtain—
Then to deſert and give her pain;
Involve in grief, who had been free,
Content and happy but for thee;
Who, mov'd by ſympathy alone,
To eaſe your heart gave you her own;
And when the conqueſt you diſcover,
Baſely neglect or ſeek another.
The vileſt miſcreant on the road,
Who haunts the deſert and the wood,
Who hazards life for what he gains,
Nor wins an heart with all his pains,
But flies, purſu'd, o'er gate and ſtile,
Commits no action half ſo vile.
And ſhould I live—ſuch conduct know
In you, my ſon, my tears would flow,—

Myſelf would ſeek to eaſe her grief,
And bid thee fly to her relief.

TO

MY CHILD,—IF A DAUGHTER.

SHOULD ev'ry grace your face adorn,
And elegance compoſe your form,
In this no laſting worth you'll find,
That's beauty—which adorns the mind.
This, well enriched—unſpotted—pure,
Will peace through life and death inſure.
External beauty has no charms,
If diſengaged from virtue's arms.
If, when arriv'd to blooming years,
A ſuitor for your heart appears,—
To tell my Harriot* how to chooſe,
Whom to accept and whom refuſe,

* The Name was ſo determined, if a Daughter.

I own a taſk beyond my pen:
For ſuch the deep deceits of men,
And ſuch their power o'er female hearts,
We cannot penetrate their arts.
Their tempers and defects they hide.
'Till they obtain the wiſh'd-for bride,
And then they caſt the veil aſide.
Thus after each precaution taken,
Too oft' we find ourſelves miſtaken.
But this my pen ſhall not diſpute,
If one prefers his cringing ſuite,
Who ſhews a low, inactive mind,
And is to indolence inclin'd;
What—tho' he whines, and weeps, and ſighs,
And vows without your love he dies;
At once reject the *worthleſs* youth,
He knows no love—'tis all untruth.
For love's exalted ſtreams ne'er flow,
In ſouls ſo daſtardly and low.
Though he may thouſands boaſt a-year,
Reject him—for 'tis bought too dear:

For ſhould you e'er in wedlock dwell
With ſuch a man—your life's a hell.
Hope not—'tis vain,—his bent to turn,
Too late you will your folly mourn.
Your ſofteſt words and tears are loſt,
Your hopes and fondeſt wiſhes croſt;
As ſoon you'll waſh the Ethiope white,
As make him worthy your delight.
Then ſhun the ſnare, my counſel prize,
Leſt *sad experience* make you wiſe!

LETTER.

My dear Child,

THE preceding Poem is the effect of your mother's anxious concern for you, who are as yet unborn. Should I die at your birth, or before you arrive at years of knowledge, I hope when you receive this Poem (which will be at a proper age) you will not be contented by acquiring it in theory till you have reduced the ſentiments it contains to practice. Then will you find yourſelf beloved and eſteemed by all

the truly virtuous and good, and above all (which should be your chiefest concern) will gain the approbation of God and your conscience. You also will show a due respect to the words and ashes of your deceased parent, whose daily study (if she lived) would be to inculcate those sentiments into your infant mind, soon as she found you capable of receiving them.

I here give you my blessing, and may you indeed be blessed with wisdom, grace, and principles of the strictest honour. To see you thus enriched would be my highest happiness, should I live; and if I die, be the prayer in death of

Your affectionate Mother,

**** *******.

THE

HEAD-ACHE;

OR,

AN ODE TO HEALTH.

INSERTED IN THE BRISTOL NEWSPAPER, BY THE AUTHOR, MAY 25, 1793.

O HEALTH! thou dear invaluable gueſt!
Thy roſy ſubjects, how ſupremely bleſt!

Hear the blith milk-maid and the plough-boy
ſing,
Nor envy they the ſtation of a King;
While Kings thy ſweets to gain would gladly
bow,
Reſign their crowns and guide the ruſtic's
plough:
Thou pearl ſurpaſſing riches, power, or birth!
Of bleſſings thou the greateſt known on earth!
Thy value's found like that of bards of yore,
We know to prize thee when thou art no more!
Ah! why from *me* art thou for ever flown?
Why deaf to ev'ry agonizing groan?
Not *one* ſhort month for *ten* revolving years,
But pain within my frame its ſceptre rears!
In each ſucceſſive month full *twelve* long days
And tedious nights my ſun withdraws his rays!
Leaves me in ſilent anguiſh on my bed,
Afflicting all the members in the head;

Through ev'ry particle the torture flies,
But centers in the *temples*, *brain*, and *eyes;*
The efforts of the hands and feet are vain,
While bows the head with agonizing pain;
While heaves the breaſt th' unutterable ſigh,
And the big tear, drops from the languid eye.
For ah! my children want a mother's care,
A huſband too, ſhould due aſſiſtance ſhare;
Myſelf for action form'd, would fain thro' life
Be found th' aſſiduous—valuable wife;
But now, behold, I live unfit for ought;
Inactive half my days, except in thought,
And *this* ſo vague, while torture clogs my hours,
I ſigh, Oh! 'twill derange my mental powers!
Or by its dire exceſs diſſolve my ſight,
And thus entomb me in perpetual night!
Ye ſage Phyſician's, where's your wonted ſkill?
In vain the bliſters, boluſſes and pill;
Great Neptune's ſwelling waves in vain I try'd,
My malady its utmoſt power defy'd;

In vain the Britiſh and Cephalic ſnuff,
All patent medicines are empty ſtuff;
The launcet, leech, and cupping ſwell the train
Of uſeleſs efforts, which but gave me pain;
Each art and application vain has prov'd,
For ah! my ſad complaint is not remov'd.
Lives one on earth poſſeſs'd of ſympathy,
Who knows what is preſum'd a remedy?
O ſend it hither! I again would try,
Tho' in th' attempt of conquering I die;
For thus to languiſh on is worſe than death,
And *I have hope* if Heav'n recall my breath.

THOUGHTS,

WHICH OCCURRED AT LLANTWRTID WELLS,

IN BRECONSHIRE,

In walking from Dol-y-Coed House to the Well.

SWEET, ſilent, ſolitary place,
Where I majeſtic footſteps trace,
Where Reaſon may aſcend her throne,
And Meditation reign alone,
Contemplate the works of Nature,
And in the works, the Great CREATOR;
See the ſweet ſongſters of the day,
And hear them tune their artleſs lay;
Behold at once the fragrant fields,
Which vivid green and paſture yields;
The flowing river gently glide;
Before, behind, on either ſide,
Four pond'rous hills ſtupendous riſe,
As if to teach my heart and eyes
To ſend their wiſhes to the ſkies:

Thither my thoughts and eyes aſcend,
Where wonders ſtill more wond'rous blend:
A vaſt expanſe of azure ſky,
Boundleſs its width, its height how high!
Yet higher ſtill, immenſely higher,
Behold yon' orient blaze of fire,
The radiant region of the day,
With matchleſs majeſty diſplay,
More of the great unfathom'd All,
Than doth the whole tereſtial ball.
My eyes recoil, the rays ſo bright,
Tho' ſhort the gaze, diſſolve my ſight;
If ſuch thy power, great work divine,
How mighty HIS who bade thee ſhine!

Ah! what am I? Why leſs than nought,
Below the merit of a thought?
Yet thought which doth all thought tranſcend;
That mighty all may be my friend!

Now to the ſalutary Well
I bend my ſteps—and hear it tell
Important truths! My heart applies
The admonition as it flies:
'Tis true—How faſt the ſtream is flowing;
Ah me! So faſt my life is going.
As is the ſtream ſtill downwards bending,
So to the grave my ſteps are tending.
This head that thinks—theſe eyes that ſee,
In ſome ſhort time muſt ceaſe to be.
This well ſhall flow,—thoſe hills ſhall riſe,
That azure deck yon' ſplendid ſkies,
Theſe verdant meads be cloth'd in green,
That river gently glide between,
And yon' bright orb perform his round,
When not a duſt of me is found.

But here I pauſe—and heave a ſigh!
While the full tear drops from mine eye.
How big with awe, this ſolemn theme!
No fancy'd tale, or idle dream.

Not, that *I am*—is truth more juſt,
Than—that I ſhall return to duſt.
Another year, perhaps a day,
May join me to my mother clay.
If now my fleeting race were run,
Is the important buſineſs done?
More awful thought—Is it begun?

But more tremendous views ariſe,
As to the Well I caſt mine eyes:
For in the flowing ſtream, I ſee
An emblem of eternity.
From age to age the current flows,
Yet no decreaſe the fountain knows.
Such that tremendous, vaſt expanſe,
To which each moment I advance;
When twice ten thouſand years are paſt,
And more than numbers e'er can caſt,
Eternity! That wond'rous thing,
Will at that period but begin!

And Oh! my ſoul! where ſhalt thou be,
Thro' this immenſe eternity?

WRITTEN

About a Month after the Birth of a Son.

O THOMAS, I hope you'll become
(My only, my dear little boy;)
A pleaſing and dutiful ſon,
And fill your glad parents with joy.

With pleaſure I brave all my pain,
While ſmiling you baſk at my breaſt,
And ſleepleſs myſelf will remain,
To lull my dear infant to reſt.

Shall e'er this ſweet innocent face,
Where beauty and lovelineſs reign,
Be flufh'd with an act of diſgrace,
And fill my ſad boſom with pain?

Ah! dear as I love thee, my ſon,
And gaze on thy form with delight,
Let death rather *now* cut thee down,
And tear thee thus early from ſight.

But why ſhould I torture my mind?
Thy ſoul ſhall to virtue aſpire;
For in every feature I find
The form of my much honour'd ſire.

And he from his earlieſt youth
The path of fair virtue has trod;
He taught me how beautiful TRUTH,
And pointed my footſteps to GOD.

And when *thy* young reaſon ſhall dawn,
Then may I with pleaſure eſpy,
Such promiſing rays in the morn,
As ſoon will produce a bright ſky.

Should Heaven protract my ſhort ſpan,
I'll deeply impreſs on thy mind,

Thy duty to God and to man,
With ſentiments juſt and refined.

I'll bid thee adore the Great Cauſe,
Who bleſſings or woes can increaſe;
Know well, and then practice his laws,
For this is the paſſage to peace.

The Volume Celeſtial explore,
For precepts tranſcendent thence flow;
'Twill bid thee in principle ſoar,
From all that's diſgraceful or low.

'Twill teach to each act and deſign,
Let honour and truth be your guide,
In virtue and probity ſhine,
And thus to excel be your pride.

By guile or hypocriſy, try
To increaſe nor your name nor your cheſt;
And fraud,—let it never come nigh,
Nor ſtain for a moment your breaſt.

Be open and clear as the day,
Low art and duplicity ſcorn;
For *this* will a meanneſs betray,
But *that* will your conduct adorn.

If knowledge you wiſh to attain,
Let Phœbus not find you in bed;
With vigour impregnate each vein,
With wiſdom impregnate your head.

For e'er may my THOMAS be found,
Amid the refin'd of the age;
If near you ſuch do not abound,
Converſe with the well written page.

In aught that through life you purſue,
Which reaſon and prudence inſpire;
Be active and vigilant too,
And conqueſt ſucceeds your deſire.

Should e'er you behold the dear maid,
Whoſe charms ſhall diſpoſe you to love,

Bid reaſon come in to your aid,
And then if you fully approve,

With courage your paſſion diſcloſe,
With honour purſue till you've won;
But prove not her vileſt of foes,
To leave her deceiv'd or undone.

To inferiors be gentle and kind,
Benevolent to if you can;
To equals—the free, unconfin'd,
Obliging, diſint'reſted man.

To any whom fortune ſhall place,
In ſtations above my dear boy,
Due deference ſhew, with a grace
That declares there's no guilt to annoy.

With modeſt, becoming reſpect,
While integrity ſits on your brow;
All cringing and fawning reject,
As daſtardly, ſordid, and low.

Act thus, and you're equal to Kings,
In the nobleſt part, the interior;
And they who want emptier things,
Deſerve not the name of ſuperior.

Thus enter with honour on life,
Be provident, peaceful, and brave;
Shun profligates, wantons, and ſtrife,
And nobly go down to thy grave.

The subsequent Lines were inserted in Bonner's Paper, under the Head of

GOOD WIVES.

"GOOD WIVES ſhould cheerful be at home,
" Nor give their huſbands cauſe to roam:
" GOOD WIVES ſhould ſtrive to be at peace,
" Nor wiſh to take the huſband's place.
" The breeches never were deſign'd
" To be the dreſs of woman-kind.

The following Week, viz. July 16, 1796, I inserted the subsequent Poem, as an Answer, entitled

GOOD HUSBANDS & GOOD WIVES.

GOOD HUSBANDS ſoon make cheerful wives;
For bleſt thoſe women are,
Who, in the partners of their lives,
Meet partners of their care.

GOOD HUSBANDS feel the ups and downs,
And cares of rugged life;
Nor cenſure,—tho' ſome tranſcient frowns
O'ertake a careful wife.

GOOD HUSBANDS ne'er deſert their home,
Becauſe ſome trouble's there;
To plays, and public-houſes roam,
And drink away all care.

GOOD WIVES, who meet this wretched lot,
Diſmay'd muſt ever weep,

When with an idle, ſpending ſot,
Compell'd each night to ſleep.

GOOD HUSBANDS nobly guide the helm,
Tho' ſtorms and ſqualls appear;
But BAD ONES only in a calm
Aſſert their right to ſteer.

GOOD WIVES behold this ſad defect
With grief,—themſelves equip
In man's attire, the helm direct,
And ſave the ſinking ſhip.

SARAH IN THE YEAR 1796,

BEING THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF

HER WEDDING DAY.

—oo—

TOADS and ſerpents haſte away,
Hiſs and croak throughout the day
That ſeal'd my hapleſs fate;

That doom'd me for Orenzo's wife,
And youth condemn'd, with noon of life,
To miſery replete.

While I break, with heart-felt ſighs,
Not a thought my ſpouſe ſupplies,
To brave the ills of time:
Lo! 'Till midnight ſee him roam,
Ever bleſt when not at home;
For tipling claims his prime.

Children's wants appear in vain,
I with equal fate complain,
Orenzo has no ear:
Bulls, and brutes of every kind,
Paſſions boaſt as much to bind,
And for their offspring care.

Hark! what ſays yon' cooing dove?
"Britiſh huſbands, view *my* love,
"Our trembling brood he feeds;

" Where *my wish* directs my flight,
" Thither, with innate delight,
" My faithful partner ſpeeds.*"

My Ingrate, untaught by theſe,
Strangers haunts alone can pleaſe,
With proſtitutes among:
My ſoul an act ignoble ſcorns,
Or I'd beſet his bed with thorns,
And thus revenge the wrong.

* It is worthy remark, that not only among Pigeons, but every other Part of the Irrational Creation that has come within my Obſervation, the Female takes the lead, and the Male immediately follows.

AN ADDRESS

FROM

SARAH TO ORENZO,

PRESENTED TO HIM

At Midnight, when he returned from the Prostitute; being the first Time Sarah was fully convinced of his having formed an illicit connexion. Perhaps this, and some of the subsequent Narative, would more properly have been inserted before the Address to Husbands and Separation, but when that went to the Press I was not determined on publishing this.

ALAS! my ſpouſe, my better half,
Why are we cut in two?
For while the *head* is ſeen to laugh,
The *heart** is wrung with woe.

* In the Word Heart, Sarah alludes to herſelf, whoſe Intereſt and Exertions in behalf of Orenzo, had rendered him many eſſential Services; and whoſe frequent remonſtrances with him, and conſtant adherence to Prudence and Economy, tended for many Years to counteract his inceſſant Love of Pleaſure, and natural Propenſity to Extravagance, which alone had been the chief ſource of Altercation between them, and which ſhe was too ſenſible,

That very heart, whoſe vital heat
Gives motion to the head;
For when the heart ſhall ceaſe to beat,
The fabrick will be dead.

in the Event of her Death, would ſoon exceed all bounds, and terminate in the Deſtruction of Himſelf and Family; who had lived in Plenty and Reſpectability from their Marriage, which till that Period, was about fourteen Years; and though ſhe was convinced Orenzo had entered on a very improper Courſe of Life, ſhe was not at this Time apprized of half his Exceſſes; nor had ſhe the moſt diſtant Idea to what an extent he had diſſipated their Property. Sarah's Fortune was ſecured to her by a Marriage Settlement, which inveſted her with the Power of "*Keeping within Compass*," till, unfortunately, in compliance with Orenzo's repeated Importunities, united to the Hope of more amply providing for the increaſing Wants of an increaſing Family, ſhe was induced, about Three Years before, to ſuffer the moſt conſiderable Part to be embarked in Buſineſs; in conſequence of which, he had an unlimited controul thereof; which he no ſooner poſſeſſed, than he emerged into every Diſſipation; ſo that the Torrent flowed too rapid for Sarah's utmoſt Efforts to reſiſt.

* *
*

The world ſurvey, your thoughts command,
And bring the friend to view,
Whoſe perſon, purſe,—with heart and hand,
Has acted all for you.

I am that friend, your conſcious heart
Cannot this truth deny;—
Why plunge a dagger in my heart,
And bid my comfort die?

Ah! am I not your faithful wife?
The mother of your race?
Why ſhould a harlot fill our life
With diſcord and diſgrace.

Why rob yourſelf and deareſt friends,
In times of greateſt need,*

* Orenzo had for many Years held a Place under Government, which required much Punctuality; but the conſtant rounds of Diſſipation, which he now purſued, prevented his paying the requiſite Attention, conſequently he was deprived of his Commiſſion, about 3 Months before, and relied wholly on what remained unſpent of Sarah's Property, for the Support of Himſelf and Family.

For ſuch imprudent, lawleſs ends,
And force my heart to bleed.

A harlot ne'er will let you reſt,
'Till you can give no more;
And when you have this truth expreſt,
She'll ſpurn you from her door.

Reject the fiend, that mars our bliſs,
And I will ALL forgive;
And ſeal it with affection's kiſs,
And we in love will live.

But ſhould you be reluctant ſtill,
And prove a heart of ſtone,
If ſoon ſucceeds ſome deadly ill,
Condemn yourſelf alone.

THE

DESERTION.

THE preceeding, and every other exertion that SARAH made, to reclaim ORENZO, was equally ineffectual. His heart was not to be molified—he was in league with deſtruction—and determined to poſt on, till he had expended the laſt ſhilling, and effected that final ruin which ſoon ſucceeded: to accompliſh this, he privately conveyed away his cloaths, into the houſe of ſome of his confederates, collected what money was due,------took all the caſh and notes that were in the houſe, and deſerted his home and family, not giving the leaſt intimation of his deſign. SARAH had been greatly indiſpoſed many days previous to this, (how much this circumſtance contributed to *her* recovery, who had not a relation or intimate friend near her, I will leave to the imagination of the feeling reader;) however, ill and diſtracted as ſhe now was, ſhe ſat up all night, writing letters to different parts of the kingdom, where ſhe had any conjecture he might have directed his flight; but without effect, as ſhe could not obtain any tidings of him; till about a fort-

night after, when a Gentleman called, and informed her, he had *that* day ſeen him, at an Inn, not far from ORENZO's houſe; but could not learn where he had been, nor where he *now* reſided.

In about nine days after this, he returned to SARAH, affecting much contrition for his paſt conduct, and aſſured her he had only been to ſee his father and friends, in Hampſhire; that he had not ſeen Mrs. JENKINS theſe many weeks,* being determined to diſcontinue all further intercourſe with her. SARAH, whoſe heart was almoſt broken with grief, (and who had been informed, during ORENZO's abſence, that *this* adultereſs had formed connections with other men, concluded that *this* had diſguſted ORENZO, and that *now* was the favorable moment to regain his heart,) received him with all poſſible affec-

* This woman was NOT a public but a private proſtitute; between whom and Orenzo an adulterous connection had exiſted about three years: though Sarah was not apprized of it till two months before his deſertion: ſhe was above fifty years of age, had a huſband, (who had been dead about ſix months,) and family. They were in very indigent circumſtances; to relieve which Orenzo conſtantly extended both his money and intereſt; and repreſented them to Sarah as ſuch a worthy, induſtrious family, that SHE alſo, from a motive of compaſſion, rendered them many kindneſſes.

tion, and assured him, that if he was convinced of his errors, and acted a faithful part in future, all his past enormities should, (on her part) be lost in oblivion. Which he promised, in the most unequivocal manner. They embraced each other, and SARAH was once more comparatively happy; for she still loved ORENZO.

The next day, SARAH recollecting that he had taken a great deal of cash, &c. with him, requested to know how much he had left? When she found he had only *one* half crown. She now, with great propriety, concluded, that all he returned for, was to get possession of the trifle yet remaining; as he had not brought back any of his cloaths, nor would inform her where he had slept in town, before he returned to her. However, by an unexpected occurrence, she soon after learnt, that though the intimacy was dissolved between him and his first mistress, he had formed a connection with another, who was the principal of a Brothel; and who, under various pretences, had extracted from *him*, in the last nine weeks, upwards of fifty pounds; that she was in debt for the furniture of her house £126; this also ORENZO had engaged to pay: it was with her he had slept, and here his cloaths were now left.

THE

DISGUISE.

SARAH knew ORENZO's firſt miſtreſs, and, with all others who had ſeen her, was not a little ſurprized at the depravity of his taſte. Female curioſity induced her to ſee what attraction the *ſecond* CHARMER poſſeſſed, for whom ſhe and her helpleſs offspring were again to be purloined, and even reduced to diſtreſs. To effect this, ſhe diſguiſed herſelf in the habit of an inferior perſon, and went to the houſe. The firſt face ſhe beheld excited horror, as it appeared caſed with braſs, which bore indelible marks of her nefarious profeſſion. This wretch acted as ſervant; but SARAH ſuppreſſed her feelings, and with all poſſible humility, requeſted the favor of ſpeaking with Mrs. D*KE. She was ordered into the kitchen, where ſhe ſaw four other proſtitutes, all dreſſing and powdering, whom ſhe conſidered as ſo many aſſaſſins, charging their inſtruments of deſtruction. After waiting ſome time, ſhe was ſummoned to the parlour, where ſat the grand procureſs, clad in a morning cap, and dirty

white bed-gown. When SARAH beheld the termagants' ſallow viſage, her thoughts inſtantly exclaimed!

If harlot's with *one* eye ſo much can do,
What mighty conqueſts may they make with *two*.

However, ſhe affected much deference, and with all the duplicity ſhe could collect, intimated that Mr. BLANK, (for ſo we will now call him) had ſent her for the cloaths he had left there. Mrs. D*KE, in a very conſequential tone interrogated. Are you his ſervant?--No, Madam.---What are you?--I have waſhed a few things for the gentleman, now and then, Madam.---Does Mrs. BLANK know that you are come here for theſe things? I believe, Madam, he would not wiſh *ſhe* ſhould know it.---Then you will not tell her, will you? for if you do, you don't know the ruin you may make.---No, Madam, not for the world. Won't you, upon your ſoul?--No indeed, Madam.--That's a good woman, there's a ſhilling for you to drink.---SARAH dropping a very low curtſey, accepted this bribe to ſecreſy, and taking up ORENZO's cloaths, which were now brought into the parlour, ſhe aſked her *noble benefactreſs* what ſhe thought they would fetch in pledge, hinting that Mr. BLANK was in the greateſt diſtreſs; that he was arreſted by

Mrs. BLANK's truſtee for money that was miſſing, which he could not account for, and added SARAH, if you Madam, can aſſiſt with a few guineas, it will do him great ſervice, and I am to convey it to him unknown to Mrs. BLANK.---------But the tongue where falſehood ever ſits, inſtantly replyed, " It could not be to me, he has ſent, it muſt be to my ſiſter, and ſhe is gone for London this morning." But ſhe deſired SARAH to call after ſhe had pledged the things; ſaying ſhe would then give her an anſwer. SARAH went out and walked to a friend's houſe, where ſhe remained ſome time, relating her adventure; then returned to the brothel. The identical proſtitute met her in the hall, and ſaid her huſband was now at home and that ſhe would ſpeak to him. Saying this, ſhe opened the parlour door where ſat a man (who had the appearance of a ſhabby (genteel) whom ſhe thus addreſſed, " My dear,--Mr. BLANK has ſent this woman here for money; we owe him nothing, do we?--" Owe *him!*" replyed the affected huſband---" No: I have a bill againſt him, and a *heavy* one too." " Have you, Sir." ſaid SARAH, " I will tell him what you ſay." No ſaid the fellow, I will go

with you and ſpeak to him myſelf." They both went out together, and after paſſing a few ſtreets, looking at SARAH he ſaid, "You ſay he is arreſted by his wife's truſtee?" "Yes," replied SARAH. "She muſt be a pretty ſort of a woman," continued he, to have her huſband arreſted. When I ſee him I'll give him a word of advice how to manage ſuch a d---n'd b--ch of a wife as ſhe is."---With a look and cadence equally expreſſive as before they had been ſubmiſſive, SARAH replied "*you* give him advice!---A bully from a brothel! He has had too much of *your* advice already, by which he is reduced from a ſtate of affluence to that of penury.---Pray keep your diſtance, and do not walk near me; I cannot appear in the ſtreet with a perſon of your infamous diſcription.---But if you will follow, I will conduct you to Mr. BLANK, where are ſeveral waiting my return, who will be happy to give you, and the harlot alſo, were ſhe with you, a *proper* reception."---The fellow for a few minutes ſeemed panic-ſtruck, but was now about to reply, when a burial paſt them. SARAH, pointing to the coffin ſaid, "Behold that! and recollect how much an intercourſe with the habitation we have left will prepare you for that laſt dwelling!" To this he made no reply, but exclaimed, "This is a

d-------ned deep-laid ſcheme, I ſee, and retreated.------- When ſhe returned to ORENZO, ſhc candidly repreſented the whole tranſaction; not forgetting to obſerve, that had he been diſtreſſed as ſhe had repreſented, how little he had to hope from the gratitude of this degenerated woman. ORENZO who till then had never heard of an huſband, ſeemed much affected at SARAH's narrative, and regretted the immenſe ſums he had lent and given her; declaring that the laſt twelve guineas with many others, he had only *lent* her on her promiſe of re-payment.---He now related all the arts ſhe had practiſed to extract it from him, with many other iniquitious ſcenes tranſacted in that Den of abominations; and proteſted in the moſt ſolemn manner, in the preſence of ſeveral perſons, that he was fully convinced of the impropriety of his conduct; and that the very unexpected kindneſs with which SARAH had treated him ſince his return had united his heart to her for ever.

THE

JOURNEY.

SARAH and an elder ſiſter, who had juſt arrived (having travelled 150 miles) to condole with her.---While their minds were yet filled with horror, and ſurprize, at diſcovering into what debths of guilt ORENZO had fallen, began to extract all the conſolation which the nature of the unhappy caſe would admit. SARAH rejoiced in the ſucceſs of her late enterprize with regard to its effects on ORENZO, and eagerly embracing the gleam of hope that now preſented itſelf, believing that ſhe had at length ſurmounted the ſummit of her troubles, attempted to repleniſh her heart with that tranquility to which it had long been a ſtranger. But alas! poor SARAH! how tranſient was even this partial happineſs, and how fallacious the hope! it was no other than the exhaling of the flame when dancing in the ſocket, previous to its total extinction; for as ſhe was writing to her friends who lived at a diſtance, to inform them of ORENZO's return, with all the concomitant circum-

ſtances, ſhe received a letter from a friend, which informed her that her father and ſiſter (who lived with him) had ſo deeply participated in her misfortunes, that they were both confined to the bed of affliction, from which, it was the opinion of the Doctor, her father (who was then 84) would never be reſtored. That he had greatly deſired to ſee her before his death, and that if ſhe did not ſet off immediately, ſhe would probably not have that conſolation. SARAH loved and revered her father even to extreme; and had ſhe been baſking in the meridian of ſublunary happineſs, to hear of his approaching diſſolution, would have blaſted every enjoyment. But when ſhe reflected that *her* ſufferings were the unhappy occaſion, it added inſupportable anguiſh to her already bleeding heart.---Nothing but a circumſtance of this importance would have induced her thus early to quit ORENZO. But waving every other conſideration, ſhe immediately packed up a few neceſſaries, and after tenderly remarking to ORENZO on the trouble in which his conduct had involved herſelf and friends, and taking a very affectionate leave of him, ſhe left him in the full poſſeſſion of all the little property that yet

remained; while in terms the moſt expreſſive, he aſſured her, that ſhe might, with the fulleſt confidence, rely on his future fidelity.---At eight o'clock at night, SARAH, accompanied by her ſiſter, began her journey, and purſued it till ſix the ſucceeding evening, when ſhe arrived at her father's houſe. Being informed he was yet alive, ſhe flew to his apartments, where ſhe found him propt up in the bed, as in the attitude of death.---He had been apprized of her arrival, and when ſhe approached his bed, lifting his pale, enfeebled hands, while the tear ſtarted in his eyes, he thus ſpoke,---I bleſs Thee, O thou Father of Mercies, that thou haſt permitted me to behold my dear, unfortunate child, before I bid adieu to this world of trouble.---SARAH, whoſe heart was too full to reply only with her tears, after tenderly embracing *him*, hurried to the chamber of her afflicted ſiſter, whom ſhe found juſt recovering from a ſwoon, having fainted when ſhe heard the chaiſe ſtop at the Door.---On hearing SARAH's voice, ſhe exclaimed, O my dear, afflicted ſiſter, how ſhall I behold thy dejected countenance! They were ſoon encircled in each others arms, and after mingling tears, and expending the firſt effuſions of affection, SARAH haſtened to inform her friends of ORENZO's return —his contrition—her adventure at the Brothel—and

every other circumſtance that ſhe imagined would afford them a ray of conſolation. The pleaſure they derived from the hope of ORENZO's reformation, united to that of ſeeing SARAH, (whoſe ſpirits were now greatly exhilarated by a ſimilar proſpect) much better than expectation, produced ſuch a happy effect, that in a few days her ſiſter was able to leave her room; and to the aſtoniſhment of the doctor, and all around them, her father was ſo far recovered as to be pronounced out of danger.

THE

FATAL DISCOVERY.

SARAH, who had forgotten her own afflictions amid thoſe of her friends, now began attending to herſelf. She had felt an indiſpoſition ſoon after her arrival, but paid it little attention, believing it to be the effects of her journey, or ſomething that would wear off; however, every day convinced her that the complaint was rapidly increaſing. She mentioned it to her ſiſters, who being quite as ignorant of its virulent nature as herſelf, thought

it was only the effect of weakneſs, which, tranquility of mind and a few doſes of bark would ſoon remove; thus a fortnight more elapſed, when finding her miſery arrived to the moſt alarming degree, the doctor was conſulted.—His reply awoke them to all the horrors of her caſe,* and operated on the whole family like an electrical ſhock.—They ſat for ſome minutes as if petrified with grief, each fearing to look at, much leſs ſpeak to the other, till at length SARAH, who had long been accuſtomed only to loſe ſight of one enormous wave of trouble by the magnitude of the ſtill greater that ſucceeded it, while the anguiſh of her ſoul predominated on her pale countenance, thus exclaimed:—

——" My cup is full! ordained has ruthleſs fate
" To drench me, e'en with the laſt deadly dregs.

* To account for Sarah's not ſuſpecting her ſituation, it may be proper to obſerve, that when ſhe found Orenzo had aſſociated with a common proſtitute, ſhe hinted to him the dangers that might enſue; but he ſolemnly aſſured her ſhe had nothing to apprehend, for that to prevent ſuch an evil, D*ke entirely, had ſecluded herſelf from all others for the laſt three months, and was paid accordingly.

* * *
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THE

DREAM.

IT was now that SARAH and her friends recollected a dream, which, from the ſtrong impreſſion it had made on her mind, ſhe had tranſmitted to them in a letter, dated Nov. 6, 1793, which was immediately after ſhe had complied with ORENZO's requeſt, by agreeing to embark her fortune in buſineſs, which inveſted him with an unlimited controul thereof.

EXTRACT OF THE LETTER:

"I am greatly diſtreſt on account of a moſt horrid dream that preſented itſelf on laſt Tueſday night:—I thought I was in bed, and beheld a toad ſpinning down from the ceiling towards me, as does a ſpider by its web: I had not power to move,—it faſtened on my breaſt,—the ſenſation was horrid in the extreme. At length tearing it off with my hand, I flung it into the fire, which I thought was in the room; it hiſſed and reverberated its poiſonous contents into my mouth; I exclaimed, Oh! I am poiſoned! And awoke in the moſt indeſcribable an-

guiſh. That this toad repreſents a bitter enemy I am certain; but who it can be I have no idea.* Had I felt no more from it after I flung it in the fire, I ſhould have rejoiced, as having conquered my enemy; but now I conſider it as having conquered me, and expect ſome heavy trouble."

I by no means conſider every idle imagination that occurs in our ſleep as meriting our attention, but cannot heſitate in believing that ſome dreams to particular perſons are ominous. That *this* toad, which even entered SARAH's bed, repreſented ORENZO, and the poiſon it emitted, the infamous and malignant diſorder with which he afflicted her, there cannot ſurely remain a doubt.

THE

LETTER.

IT was deemed expedient by SARAH and her family that ORENZO ſhould be made acquainted with her ſituation; accordingly one of her ſiſters immediately wrote

* At this time Sarah and Orenzo lived together on the most amicable terms.

to inform him of it, and in a few days received an anſwer, of which the following is an extract:

MADAM,

I think it neceſſary for me, as you are all together at your father's houſe, to give you a reaſon for my paſt miſconduct, that it may, in ſome meaſure, account for it; and in ſo doing I ſhall ſtrictly adhere to nothing but truth, by which means, I hope that a proper reconciliation will take place, not only between my wife and ſelf, but between us *all*.—If ſo, it ſhall be my conſtant ſtudy to convince you that Mrs. —— and I ſhall live happier than ever we did; for the more I think of the crimes I've committed, the more I deteſt them.

After we began the preſent buſineſs, and the ſhopman left us I was looked up to for aſſiſtance, and not having a turn for buſineſs, as many men have, I did not pay that attention to it as was expected by my wife; conſidering my own engagement ſufficient, and having many temptations the time I was in office, which I never had before, and hope never ſhall again, cauſed me to be out much more than was neceſſary, by which means I got more into a habit of ſpending my time in public-houſes;

I drank greatly, ſo that my mind was génerally inflamed with liquor, which cauſed me to act a very unjuſtifiable part, having done it in the moments of intoxication, which led me from one ſtep of ſin to another. I am very ſenſible that the ſins I have committed are very great, and I hope that the all-ſeeing Being will forgive me *all* before I go hence, and am no more ſeen.

With regard to what you ſpeak of concerning the ſituation of Mrs. ——, I have not had any thing that has grieved me more. Whatever has happened is through ignorance and not intentionally. But I hope ſhe will ſoon recover, and once more return, and that we ſhall live in love and friendſhip for evermore, and may what is paſt be forgiven, if not forgotten. I hope and truſt that all old things will be paſt away, and all things become new, and that we ſhall yet be a happy family. There ſhall not be any thing wanting on *my* part to effect it. This is the ſincere intention of a much troubled huſband of an injured wife.

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THE

RETURN.

THE preceding letter, ſo full of penitence and contrition, had the moſt pleaſing effect on SARAH's family, inſomuch that her aged father ſhed tears of joy, and had ORENZO ſucceeded the letter in perſon, he would have embraced him, and ordered the fatted calf to be killed, to congratulate the returning prodigal. But SARAH, from her more intimate knowledge of ORENZO, was not ſo ſanguine in her hopes; ſhe had been too often foiled by his arts and hypocriſy, being formed by nature and education for deception; for he was brought up under the form (but alas! It was the *form only*) of a particular religion, ſo that he has a peculiar ſedateneſs in his converſation, united to a grave, demure countenance, which never affords a ſmile, ſo that thoſe who are unacquainted with his hiſtory may take him for a profound philoſopher or firſt rate chriſtian. However, it was concluded between SARAH and her friends, that ſhe ſhould immediately return to ORENZO, that his diſcovering the great miſery he had entailed upon her, and her unbounded af-

fection towards him, in forgiving all his paſt enormities, would for ever ſecure his returning affections. Under theſe impreſſions, and with the fulleſt determination to omit nothing that love could effect to accompliſh this deſirable event, after taking an affectionate leave of her kind, indulgent relatives, ſhe ſet off for her own home, where ſhe arrived about noon the next day. But as ſhe purſued her journey, a monitor within conſtantly whiſpered,

How canſt thou leave each kindred friend?
With chearful ſpirits go?
Whoſe only hope, at journy's end,
Is with a deadly foe.

When ſhe approached her own habitation, inſtead of finding her heart (as it was wont to do after a ſhort abſence) exult in the proſpect of beholding her dear ORENZO and little family, ſhe felt an unuſual depreſſion of ſpirits, her limbs faltered, and with difficulty ſhe ſupported herſelf while ſhe entered her houſe; where ſhe found only her eldeſt child, who was about eleven years of age, (having diſmiſſed their ſervant when ORENZO deſerted them, finding the pittance now left inadequate to their ſupport.) It appeared that ORENZO had been abſent about an hour before SARAH's arrival, and on her making ſome enqui-

ries reſpecting his conduct during her abſence; ſhe obſerved that the child was very reluctant in replying, and gave evaſive anſwers. SARAH, who was much fatigued with her journey, and now felt moſt ſeverely the effects of her unhappy complaint, which was much augmented by travelling; and being quite exhauſted for want of her uſual ſuſtenance, being prohibited the uſe of all animal food, and every kind of drink excepting water, or ſomething ſimilar; faint, and abſorbed in grief, reclined her head on her hand on a table that ſtood beſide her, where we will now leave her amid her painful ſenſations, while we go in purſuit of the penitential ORENZO. And where do we find him? O MAN! Thou boaſted lord of the creation,—be aſtoniſhed at the depravity of thy nature! For we find him at *this* inſtant, baſking in the arms of the proſtitute,—that identical harlot from whom SARAH fetched his cloaths; that harlot, who had produced an huſband, with "a heavy bill againſt him!" That harlot, from whom he had twice (as it has ſince appeared) received the deadly infection. To this wretch he had returned about the third day after SARAH went to ſee her afflicted family; and from that period till SARAH detected him, as deſcribed in the Poem on the Separation, which was

not till four months afterwards, had continued his visits two or three times *every* day, taking to her all the money he could collect from the business; so that it appears he had renewed, and determined to pursue his illicit intercourse, a fortnight previous to his writing that penitential letter, which we have already seen. On this day he did not return till two hours after SARAH's arrival; who had been informed in the intrim, by persons who came on business, that the house had been repeatedly shut up during her absence, and no business transacted. On her accusing her daughter of duplicity, in concealing these matters, the child replied, that her father had enjoined her to secrecy; and you, mama, (added she) have often told me I must always perform what I promise, which made me think I should do wrong to tell you; and beside I was afraid papa would beat me if I did. This artless reply soon disarmed SARAH's resentment; who deeply regretted the necessity the embarassed child was under of acting such a part between her father and mother. To find that ORENZO had thus neglected, and was even then neglecting *that* business, on which alone they now depended for support, did not impress SARAH with very favorable ideas of his intention to promote that future

happineſs of which his letter is ſo expreſſive, and where he concludes, " nothing ſhall be wanting on my part to effect it ;" though at this period, and till ſome time after, ſhe had no idea that he had reſumed his late adulterous connexion ; it was a conduct, in her eſtimation, ſo inconſiſtent with reaſon, and even nature, that ſhe did not admit a thought on the ſubject, but concluded it was his averſion to buſineſs, and diſlike of confinement, induced him to this impropriety. When ORENZO returned, with his grave countenance, which never afforded SARAH a ſmile, ſhe could not collect from it whether her return had excited in him joy or ſorrow. The meeting was by no means intereſting or affectionate. The firſt converſation that enſued was reſpecting SARAH's complaint. The doctor was ſent for, who took her under his care. To give a detail of what SARAH endured, both in perſon and mind, as well from the complaint, as from the whole of ORENZO's conduct, from the preſent time till their ſeparation, would far exceed the limits intended for this unhappy hiſtory. But that the reader may form ſome idea, I will inſert a letter or two, ſent to SARAH by her friends, to whom ſhe conſtantly communicated her ſufferings.

THE LETTER.

" My ever dear diſtreſſed ſiſter,

" NO language can ſufficiently deſcribe what I now feel on your account. I am rendered quite incapable of tranſacting the functions of life. But alas! If *my* feelings are ſuch, what muſt yours be? Oh! What a wretch, to act thus by a wife, who has done ſo much for him. May God, in great mercy, ſhew himſelf mighty, in ſupporting you, that your ſenſes may be preſerved. You have great reaſon to be thankful to the good God, that the wretched man has not been permitted to deſtroy you, when you were aſleep in your bed. Ah! What can I do for my afflicted ſiſter? I ſee you are a ruined woman; for your mind will never be compoſed any more, except you are inveſted with a power beyond fleſh and blood. David ſaid, 'It was good for me that I was afflicted.' And who can tell but theſe great afflictions may be 'A bleſſing in diſguiſe?' Give my love to the dear little child, and be thankful that ſhe is the only one at home, to witneſs ſuch hard things between a father and mother: things that mortal man could never have expected. O that God would be pleaſed to bring him to himſelf, that you may once more live in peace and love with each other, or I ſhall never be the ſame creature again.

But remain,

Your diſtreſſed ſiſter, till death,

**** ****."

THE ABSTRACT OF
A Second Letter from Sarah's Sister, including a Note
WITH
THE COMBINATION.

" My dear, dear ſiſter,

" THE ſad account of your continual ſufferings, and eſpecially this laſt, has put it out of my power to ſpeak on the dreadful ſubject. O what a ſet of monſters! To be thus conſpiring to rob an innocent woman of her laſt ſhilling. Did they think he had not done enough already? What, have they no concern for the dear children, who are their own fleſh and blood? Surely they cannot be of the human ſpecies.* O my

* Alluding to a Combination, which Sarah was led to the diſcovery of by a dream juſt before her ſeparation from Orenzo; which induced her to ſearch a certain place, wherein the firſt thing ſhe diſcovered was, a bill of three guineas from the brewer, for the harlot's beer, in the laſt three months; but what completed the horrid ſcene was, four letters from Orenzo's confederates, in Hampſhire; who, though they had been acquainted with all, and even more of the enormities of his conduct than have been here recited, conſpired with him to ſign away a property of 120 pounds, belonging to Sarah, which ſhe had given into the power of Orenzo, before ſhe ſuſpected his perfidy and infidelity. Of this ſhe thought herſelf ſtill poſſeſſed, but now had the mortification to learn, it had been ſigned away, two months before, for the ſad alternative of 20 guineas in hand, and the CHANCE of 6 or 7 pounds per year, during a life, of which more than 50 years had then revolved; and if it dropped, even THAT day, the whole was loſt for ever. Should any one doubt the veracity of this almoſt incredible account, they may be convinced by applying to the Author, who will ſhew them the original letters. And what aggravates the circumſtance is, that to obtain an immediate ſupply, to pay the houſe rent of his harlot, was the object that prompted Orenzo to this unprincipled meaſure.

dear, the trouble I feel for you is more than I can well ſuſtain. In vain ſhall I tell you to bear it with patience, for that cannot be done without ſupernatural aid. Therefore, my dear ſiſter, your only alternative in the miſerable ſtate in which you are now involved, is to call upon that God, who alone is able to deliver,—and who will deliver—for he ſays, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble, and *I will* deliver thee. And this muſt have been experienced by the Author of the following lines, when he ſays,

'In all my troubles, *sharp* and *strong*,
'My ſoul to Jeſus flies;
'My anchor hold is firm in him,
'When *ſwelling* billows riſe.'

O may the good God now ſtand your friend, and ſcreen you, till theſe *ſwelling billows* are paſſed over your head, and all will yet be well. Do not all the people of God talk of the firey trial—the furnace of affliction—and the thorn in the fleſh? Therefore, if we had none of theſe, we ſhould not know what the dear people, who were paſſing through the thorny road, could mean; but *now* we know and *feel* alſo. Now, my dear, you are put into the furnace, and when you are fully tried, you ſhall come forth like burniſhed gold; therefore wait on thy God, and it ſhall be well with thee. O how do I long to be with my dear ſiſter, in this time of great trouble; but let me intreat you to ſeek *no* kind of revenge, for God will revenge this matter in his due time.*

* It was in Sarah's power to have injured Orenzo materially, in ſeveral reſpects, which her ſiſter was apprehenſive theſe unheard of injuries would induce her to do.

SARAH'S

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

COME death! Thou deareſt friend
Of wretchedneſs and woe!
Had this ſad life no end,
What anguiſh muſt I know?

It were eternal hell
To feel inceſſant pain;
With dire diſeaſe to dwell,
And ſeek redreſs in vain.

Through life's meridian bound,
'Mid grief and pain I weep;
What joy on earth is found?
Too ſlow the minutes creep.

O death! Thine aid I crave,
Advance to my relief;
Conſign me to the grave,
And baniſh all my grief.

And ye of tend'reſt tie,
To whom I yet am dear!
Heave not a fruitleſs ſigh,
When you behold my bier!

But join me to the dead,
And ſay, " Her torture's o'er;
" That aching heart and head,
" Shall bow with pain no more."

A LETTER FROM SARAH'S FATHER,

Soon after her Separation from Orenzo, when Grief and Diſeaſe had arrived at ſuch a Criſis as to confine her to a Bed of Affliction, from which ſhe never expected to be reſtored.

" My dear child,

" THINK it not ſtrange concerning theſe fiery trials that have ſurrounded you. I have lived four-ſcore years and five in the world, and have paſſed through many a fiery trial; yet am I ſtill living to praiſe him. What is the meaning of fortitude and patience, if they are not called into action? The chriſtian's life is a continual warfare. And will you remain the ſubject of grief and diſeaſe, and meanly ſhrink down into your

grave, becauſe a few thorns and briars, which were for the trial of your faith, have obſtructed your path? The ſoldier who runs from his poſt, after the battle commences, is a coward. Therefore ſtand your ground, for the enemy's ammunition is all exhauſted, and he will ſoon retreat, and leave you in full poſſeſſion of the field.—Then ſhall you ſhout victory, to the Captain of Salvation! You ſay you are 'Like Job on the dunghill.' Be it ſo, my dear child; and yet he ſaid, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not receive evil?' And the *laſt* ſtate of Job was *better* than the beginning. Get the beſt advice, that you may conquer your complaint, and riſe ſuperior to your enemy. Is it to your honor to ſink beneath your misfortunes, and weep away a life that it is ſo much your duty to preſerve? Do not think it unkind that I write thus; I do not mean to upbraid thee, my dear afflicted child, but to rouſe thee from that ſtate into which I find thou art ſinking; and which, if continued in, muſt ſoon end in death. And if thou dieſt, thy ſiſter will die alſo. And if I am thus bereft of my children, ſhall not 'My grey hairs go down with ſorrow to the grave.' Therefore, if you will not live for your own ſake, live for your ſiſter's ſake—live for my ſake—but above all, live for your childrens ſake,—for ſhould you die, they would fall into the hands of a banditti, whoſe hearts are harder than the nether mill-ſtone, and who would ſoon unhumanize their ſouls. How enviable is even your preſent ſtate, to that of the adulterer, or his

confederates, who with him, lie down and riſe up with the *curse* of God *resting* upon them; having made his crimes their own, by 'Partaking with the adulterer.' And 'Curſed is he that ſmiteth his neighbour ſecretly.' While amid the bright ſunſhine of unſullied virtue, *you*, with unſhaken confidence, can look up to its Almighty ſource, and expect his bleſſing.—You are now more immediately under his protection; for he has promiſed to plead the cauſe of the fatherleſs and widow; you are now, as it were, in a widowed ſtate, therefore prefer your ſuit, and truſt in the Lord—"yea, truſt in the Lord for ever—for in the Lord Jehovah is everlaſting ſtrength." So take courage, for you have a good God, a juſt cauſe, and talents that have been long wrapped in a napkin, which if called into action, may be crowned with ſucceſs. And who can tell but God will yet give to thee an huſband, and to thy children a father; for the vileſt ſinner is not beyond the reach of mercy, while this ſide the grave; and though the ſtrong man, armed, has long kept poſſeſſion, he that is ſtronger may yet lay hold of the ſtoney heart, and break it in pieces; unlooſe the bands of ſin and Satan, wherewith he is now bound; drive away the profligate and the hypocrite; and make him ſtand unprotected before the dread preſence of divine purity and juſtice. Then will all your preſent or paſt ſufferings be even lighter than vanity, when compared to his; "for the ſpirit of a man may ſuſtain his misfortunes or infirmities, but a wounded ſpirit who can bear." Should his heart ever be thus broken for his ſins, ſo that he becomes a

ſober, virtuous man, then may you once more be happy in an huſband; but till then, he is below the merit of a ſingle thought. And as with God all things are poſſible, look not back to the dark cloud that lies behind, but to the proſpect that, if you will look forward, is brightening before you. Remember this is the advice of your aged father. Ponder well what I have written, and may God give you his bleſſing.

" **** ****."

GRATEFUL REFLECTIONS,

BY SARAH.

How ſhall I give thee equal praiſe?
Too weak my efforts prove,
To celebrate thy boundleſs grace,
And kind paternal love.

When all the woes that rack the world
Seem'd burſting o'er my head;
When thunder ſtorms their light'nings hurl'd,
To crush me to the dead:

When down into the horrid pit,
By cruel hands I fell;
In mirey clay condemned to ſit,
Where pain and anguiſh dwell.

When troubles, more than pen can paint,
Around my temples beat,
Till all my mental powers were faint,
And reaſon left her ſeat.

When *this* emaciated frame
To grief became a prey,
And only wiſh'd the vital flame
Would quit the tortur'd clay.

Then didſt thou bid me conquering ride,
To cruſh the deadly foe;*
And bid my ſoul in thee confide,
And baniſh every woe.

Through floods and fires thou haſt me brought,
And prop'd my drooping heart;
And by a great deliverance wrought,†
Taught me how good thou art.

* Inordinate Grief.

† Alluding to her ſeparation from Orenzo, and a hope of her complaint being ſubdued.

Too faint are all my powers to tell
The gratitude I owe;
Could my full heart like mountains ſwell,
Or tears as oceans flow.

THE CONCLUSION
OF
SARAH'S HISTORY.

SARAH had not long ſeparated from ORENZO, before he made application to her and her friends, acknowledging the heinouſneſs of his conduct, and ardently requeſting a re-union. To which SARAH replied, that could ſhe believe his heart correſponded with his letters, ſhe would inſtantly fly to his arms, and tell him, in *more* than *words*, how *much* ſhe could forgive; but as repeated experience had taught her otherwiſe, ſhe was now like an old warrior, who had fought many battles, and no longer to be decoyed into the arms of an enemy, by his hoiſting the colours of a friend. From this period, ORENZO has conſtantly made ſimilar applications, with as little effect; for on inveſtigating his conduct, SARAH finds *nothing* that would juſtify a re-union. And now ORENZO ſees ſhe is not to be ſubdued by his arts, he purſues every method to diſtreſs and miſ-repreſent her.

This conduct which he has recurred to, even ſince this work went to the preſs, has induced me to publiſh all that has been recited reſpecting them (excepting what appears in the firſt 19 pages of this work, and the diſguiſe,) as I did not intend making any thing elſe public till the work was near a concluſion. I have, therefore, not only excluded pieces on many other ſubjects, but for want of room, have been obliged to omit many intereſting parts in the foregoing hiſtory; which, ſhould I live to produce a ſecond edition, I will give to the world; and draw from behind the curtain various characters, and particularly ſome, who have long worn the maſk of religion:—but I will pourtray them at length, with their names and places of abode; (with the copies of the letters which SARAH found, and which ſhe retains as an indelible proof of a principle, for which no language can find a name adequate to its baſeneſs;) for though the law of love and chriſtian charity obliges us to draw a veil over the infirmities or imperfections of others, it by no means requires us to conceal their *crimes* unobliterated by contrition.

DISAPPOINTMENT:

OR,

A CAUTION TO AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

DISAPPOINTMENT is more or leſs the lot of all men, and the more we meet, the leſs we ſuffer when it occurs, if the diſappointment terminates with ourſelves; but if through our medium it is extended to others, then the ſenſitive mind feels exquiſitely the diſappointment: for as ſuch a perſon would avoid whatever might *juſtly* incur *cenſure*, in ſuch proportion would he feel a diſappointment that muſt eventually entail it upon him. I was acquainted with the editor of a work, who engaged with a printer for the paper, printing, and binding; the whole was to be executed in a maſterly manner, on paper, of which a ſheet was then produced as a ſpecimen, which was excellent. Under theſe impreſſions the editor left the printer to the performance of his agreement, and in the interim obtained orders for the work; but when it was delivered to the purchaſers, the paper, and the whole performance, was ſuch a reverſe of the agreement, that the editor, who was a perſon of the moſt delicate feelings, and ſtricteſt honor, felt ſo greatly the diſappointment, that her health ſuſtained a ſhock which ſhe never ſurmounted. It was concluded from the many defects which appeared in the book, that the printer had admitted the defective quires, *two* of which are allowed to every ream, and which ought to have been excluded from the work. Hoping to profit by this incident, I purchaſed the paper for *this* work of the paper-maker, by a quire which he produced as a ſpecimen. I related to him the deception the editor, before alluded to, had experienced, and enquired if *all* the paper which that ſpecimen repreſented

was equally perfect? He replied, "just the same, Madam." It was a stout, good paper, and as such considered by my printer, whom I consulted before I made the purchase; and to prevent the introduction of defective quires, I desired the paper maker to select *these* from every ream before it was sent to the printer. He replied, then I am to send nothing but the *perfect* paper? No, not *one* quire, I rejoined, for I would not have *one* imperfect sheet in the work. My order was complied with, and I congratulated myself on the precaution I had taken; but here comes DISAPPOINTMENT, for the very evil I thus studiously endeavoured to avoid, fell upon me; when some thousands of the sheets were printed off, my printer informed me the paper was very defective. On inspection, I found it to abound with rags, holes, and transparencies; so that I concluded the manufacturer of this paper could easily produce one, which may be adopted as a substitute for tiffany, for ladies head dresses. However, considering myself, (as I really was) most egregiously imposed upon, taking some of the most defective quires, I went, accompanied by my printer, and asked the paper-maker if this was his perfect paper? Pointing to the holes, rags, &c. But taking off his spectacles, as we *all* do when we *come home*, he could not discover a single defect worth observation: this hole—that rag, &c. were trifles; I was too particular; it was not to be expected that such a bulk of paper was without a few defects, for the heavy additional duty which was laid on paper arose from the weight, and were it all such as I expected, he should be a considerable loser. This, and much more altercation ensued, which left me with no other alternative than that of entering into a state of litigation, which would have produced more uneasiness, or having the remainder of the work printed on this defective paper. What I felt from this unpleasant business I will not attempt to describe, till I hit upon an expedient, which would greatly relieve my readers from feeling the effect of my disappointment; this, however troublesome, I determined to pursue, which was that of examining every quire, sheet by sheet, and

excluding all that was defective, before it went to the preſs; in the purſuit of this I diſcovered there was, upon an average, three quires of imperfect ſheets interſperſed in every ream; which, had they been admitted, the reader would, literally, have been incommoded with a hole in the ballad, and many other imperfections which are now excluded; except in the ſheets that were firſt printed, many of which are alſo thrown out. In the courſe of this inveſtigation, I found a few quires ſimilar to what I had ſeen as a ſpecimen; which, on weighing, exceeded a pound, while many of the others in which the defects abounded, did not exceed three quarters; yet "was this no deception."

I am ſorry I could not introduce this ſubject in my preface, if I had, I ſhould have requeſted my readers, before they proceeded, to have the goodneſs to take off their ſpectacles, as did my paper-maker; or if they uſe a glaſs, to turn the diminutive ſide when any defects occur, either in the Author or paper; then, perchance, I ſhould have made my exit amid the plaudits of my readers; but having neglected this precaution, I tremble for my fate.—But if the reader finds himſelf diſappointed in this production, let him conſole himſelf under the recollection that the Author has felt a diſappointment of much greater conſequence before him. "It is a bad wind," ſays the proverb, "that blows nobody good." and though this publication may be of no utility to ſome, it might not be ſo to all. The wind that blew *me* this paper, was to me a bad one; but it was not ſuch to the paper-maker, for it blew money into his purſe. It may alſo blow a little candour into the minds of many, and teach us not to pronounce illiberally on the conduct of any, by a ſuperficial view of the matter, which perhaps, if properly inveſtigated, would be more entitled to commendation than cenſure. And it may be a propitious breeze to another author and editor, by warding them from the pit into which I fell. Thus we ſee there are few evils from which ſome good may not be extracted. Beſide it has

produced a ſubject for the narrator, which I intend ſhould opperate as an entertainment, after the tragical Hiſtory of SARAH; and another for the muſe, which may ſerve as an epilogue. I own I have not been very happy in the ſubject I have choſen for an entertainment, as diſappointment is more properly a ſubject for tragedy, and this taken abſtractedly may be ſo conſidered; but comparing it with the Hiſtory of SARAH, changes its complection.—As we are great or ſmall, ſhort or tall, by compariſon; for while I ſtand alone, I am no very intereſting figure; yet were I placed by the ſide of the celebrated Lady Morgan,* I ſhould make no very contemptible appearance, and probably exulting in the ſuperiority of my ſtature,

Should, with a conſequential pride,
Behold the dwarf that ſtood beſide.

But let her be removed, and Mr. O'Brien† ſubſtituted, I ſhould inſtantly ſhrink into a dwarf; but if on lifting up mine eyes, I received from him ſuch a look as I had juſt beſtowed on her Ladyſhip, how different would be my ideas on its propriety? For inſtantly putting on my ſpectacles, I ſhould behold it as a moſt unpardonable inſult, and to be revenged on the monſter, ſhould be tempted to exclaim, and with no ſmall degree of emphaſis,

" Where I ſo tall to reach the pole,
" Or graſp the ocean in my ſpan,
" I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul;
" The *mind* 's the *ſtandard* of a man."

* A woman, ſaid to be only three feet high.

† Said to be nine feet.

THE

PROSTITUTE & THE PAPER.

THE proſtitute in all I trace,
And men of buſineſs ape her:
The ſpecimen preſents her face,
Her heart the bulk of paper.

With paint replete, abroad ſhe prowls,
Perfection ſeems to ſhape her;
But all unſeen is rags and holes,
As was the bulk of paper.

The ſoft incautious youth ſhe ſues,
And ſhould the weakling take her,
Too late, with me, his lot he rues,
And vails defective paper.

My ragged fate I deeply moan,
And wiſh I could eſcape her;
But ſhe purſues, and made me groan,
O'er Pultney's ragged paper.

The worſt from bad I daily cull'd,
Till midnight burnt my taper;
But not a ream my trouble lull'd,
'Mid all the bulk of paper.

Three tedious weeks I thus applied,
Till all my head was vapor;
While quite diſmay'd I vex'd and ſigh'd,
And ſunk immers'd in paper.

But when the irkſome taſk was o'er,
My heart began to caper;
The frolic Muſe did friſking ſoar,
And whiff'd her pen to paper.

FIVE TO ONE.

IN consequence of an observation made to the Author since the PROTEST and ADDRESS to HUSBANDS was printed off, she thinks it her duty to request the reader to take notice, that, previous to these subjects going to the press, with other parts of Sarah's History, she consulted judicious friends on the propriety of printing them. First friend :—' Madam, you have treated on nearly sixty different subjects, which are unexceptionable, and would make a sufficient volume; exclusive of these, you have been a great sufferer, and these unhappy subjects dwell on your heart. I have no doubt of the rectitude of your intention, but am fearful it will injure the sale of your publication; that persons who are strangers to you and such unhappiness, and who would purchase for the amusement of their children will object if these are introduced; besides, those men who are of a similar cast with Orenzo, (of whom there are too many) will use every exertion to explode a publication that so much exposes their beloved vice; and ladies who have good husbands will establish their merit on your ruins and censure Sarah for exposing her's. What think you, Sir?'—' Why, Sir, I know there are plenty of illiberal-minded persons, but do not think *that* a sufficient reason for suppressing a subject which has for its object the promotion of virtue, which can never be better effected than by exhibiting vice in all its deformity; and one narrative of such facts applies more forcibly to the heart than a thousand precepts. I acknowledge 'tis no subject for

children; but as it is in a stile above their comprehension, I would no more hesitate putting it into *their* hands than I would the bible, wherein are many chapters, even some of those appointed to be read as lessons for the day, in all our churches, far more exceptionable. The high polished delicacy of the present degenerate age was unknown to the purity of the Patriarchs, the holy Apostles, and our glorious reformers. Were a child to make enquiry on subjects improper for him to understand, every judicious elder would resolve him, without descending to particulars, as they would if he were to ask the meaning of the seventh commandment, and other innumerable passages that occur in the bible, medical books, public newspapers, and bills printed and posted at every corner of the streets, which cannot escape the observation of any who are able to read; were he above the state of childhood,

"Forewarned is half armed."

and I think the picture given of vice in the subjects alluded to is sufficient to deter both sexes from becoming its votaries, so that in my opinion, whoever objects, must have either bad hearts or weak heads. With respect to Sarah exposing her husband, as they are finally parted, she no longer considers him as such, and with those who know the parties, it appears essential to her own justification; with those who do not, the *sinner* only is exposed, not the *person*, as his name is carefully concealed.'—These gentlemen differing in their opinion, I applied to four others, whose ideas corresponded with those of the second; with this majority of five to one, I determined on giving those subjects to the public.

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